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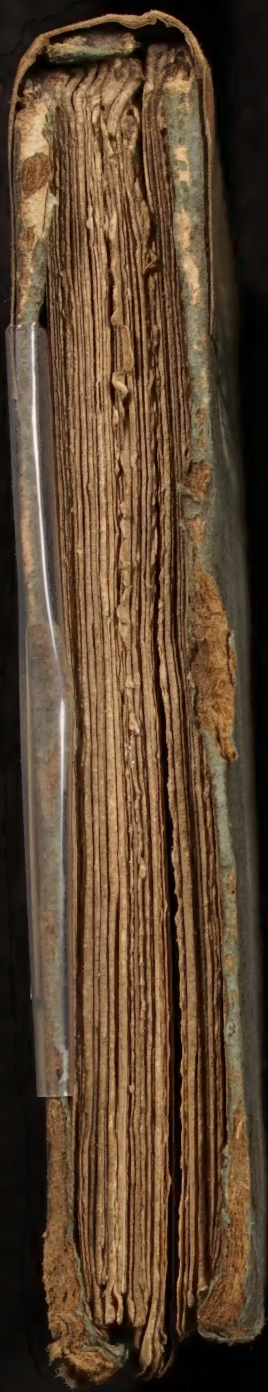
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The Fisher Boy
A Poem by H.C. Esq
(Wm. Hy. Ireland) N.D.
(1808)





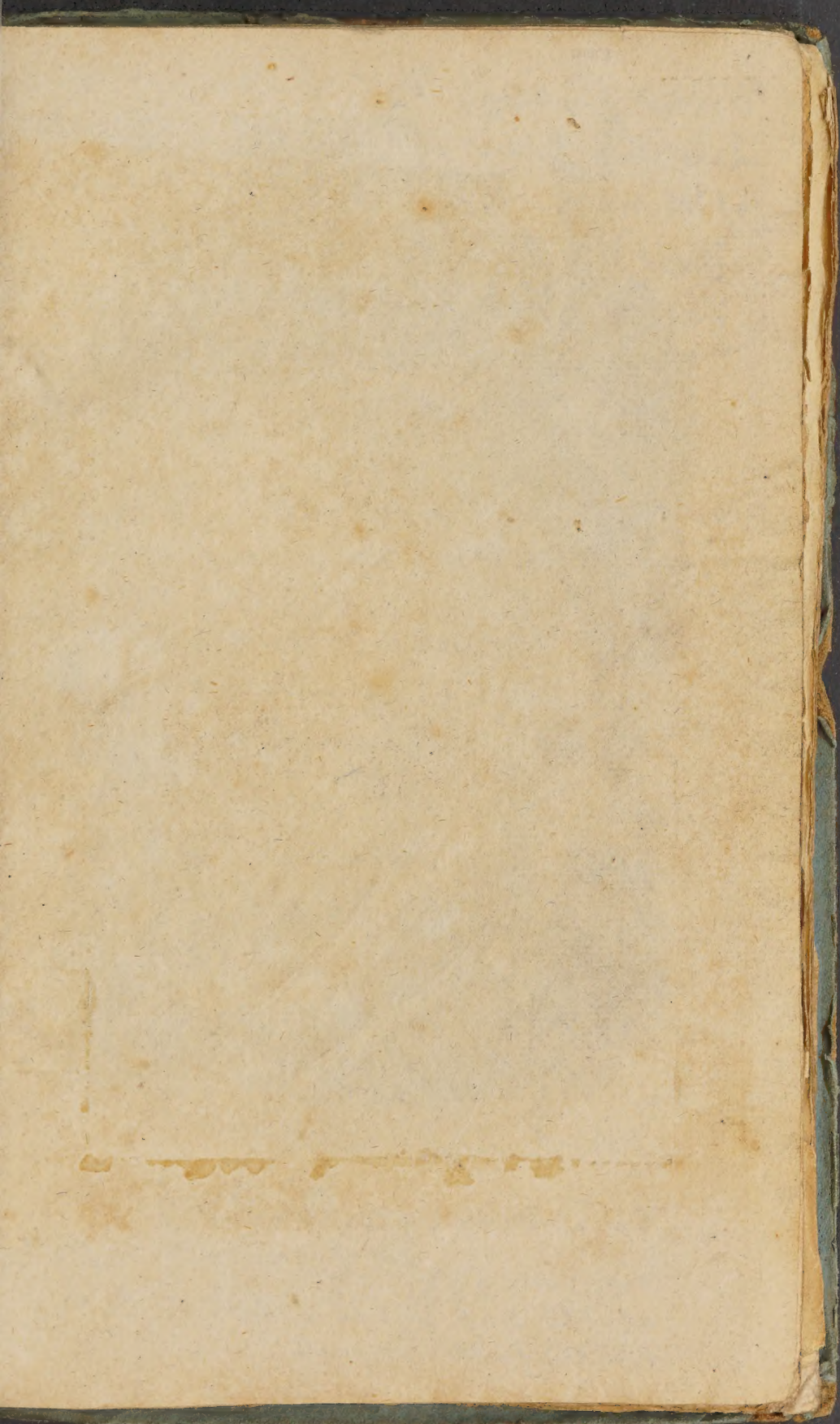






G. Hilder Libbis

111



Harriet & George's Dict of Anony. & Pseudo.
Literature gives W. H. Ireland as the author
of this work on the authority of (Nat. Bib.
Brit); The date they give is 1808.
This copy has no date - but it is the
~~1st ed.~~ as Ed. Bird described the first
to the 2nd ed.

Translation of the French Quotation on the title page
"If I have no other attractions I am at least truthful."

By William Henry Ireland

The British Museum Copy of "The
Sailor Boy 1809" has an inscription
in Wm H. Ireland's autograph stating
that he is the Author, although the
title page states it is by H. C. Esq
& the 3rd edition of The Sailor Boy 1822
has "By Wm H. Ireland Esq" instead
of "H. C. Esq."

The B.M. copy of "The Fisher Boy"
has no frontispiece or date. But
at the end it has a List of "Books
Printed for the Proprietor."

THE
FISHER BOY

A POEM

Comprising his several
AVOCATIONS,
during the four Seasons of the
YEAR.

Inest sua gratia parvis:

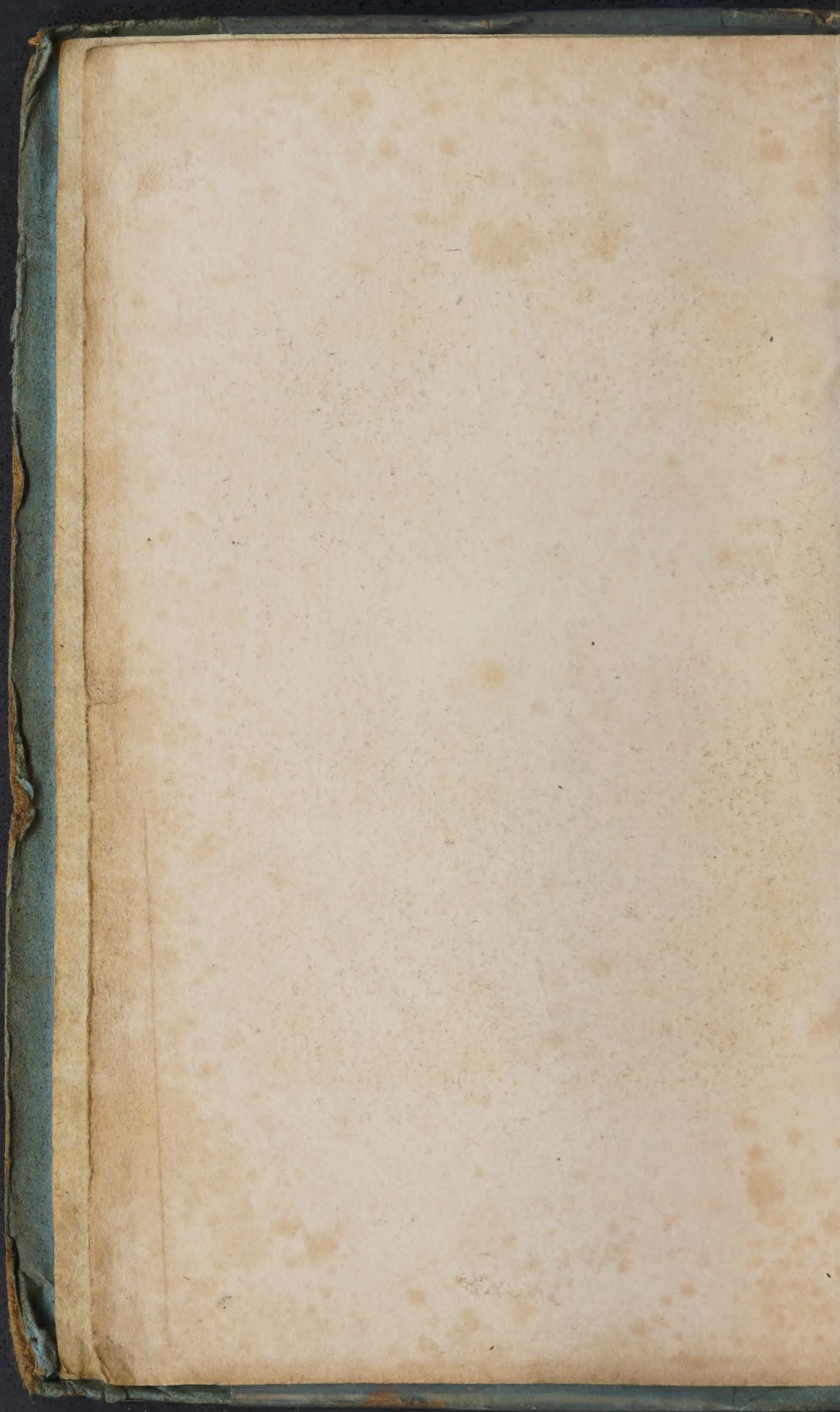
BY H. C. ESQ.

*Si J'en ai point d'autres coquilles
J'ai au moins la Vierge.*

Printed for Vernor, Hood & Sharpe,
31, Poultry.

LONDON 1808 = 1st Ed.

" 1809 = 2nd Ed.



DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM BURT, ESQ.

SIR,

WERE I to have recourse to the fulsome language of flattery, I should not only insult your understanding, but render myself an object altogether unworthy that friendship which it is my wish to preserve: under this impression, I shall content myself by stating, in the unadorned language of *truth*, that I have selected you as a gentleman in every respect deserving this small tribute of my esteem; whether considered in the light of a man of taste, or possessed of that more sterling requi-

site, which is derived from real innate sensibility. That this humble effort of my muse may in the smallest degree tend to gratify the one, and awaken the glowing impulse of the other, is the sincere wish of,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

AS the taste for literary labours, simple in their construction, and founded on facts, has of late years been highly cherished by the public, I sincerely hope that the ensuing pages may find sanction with the admirers of such species of compositions.

I am very far from arrogating to myself the title of one of those sublime versifiers, to use the words of Horace :—

———— Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum.————

———— Who writes
With fancy high, and bold and daring flights.

Being on the contrary perfectly well contented to delineate nature in a strain of versification as unstudied as the actions are simple, which it endeavours to inculcate.

With respect to criticism, I am so far acquainted with the world of literature, as to feel convinced that I shall not escape its vindictive lash ; my aim has not been to usher forth a studied production, for speaking of myself, I can with confidence affirm, that—

———— Non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

Horace.

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.

And have consequently been led to hope for the same conduct from others.—Such an idea being however incompatible with the feelings of the rigid censors of literature ; I must remain satisfied with explaining to them the nature of my ideas, leaving their minds to the full indulgence of those pedantic opinions, which will, in all probability, send me and my Fisher-Boy to oblivion ; in despite of which :

———— Tentanda via est.

Virgil.

For as truth is invincible, I place the most implicit reliance on her irradiating influence, which certainly emanates from every line of my little Poem.

Having, in the first instance, adverted to those who will sit as supreme judges on the effusions of my humble muse; they certainly will not think of arraigning me as an offender, on the score of contemning their dread tribunal. I should, in the next place, conceive myself very deficient in feeling, were I to obliterate from my mind the recollection of that class of readers, on whose candour I solely rely for protection—persons, who, actuated by the existing effervescence of their feelings, dismiss for a period the remembrance of all scholastic rigidity, and, while occupied in the perusal of my Fisher-boy,

———— Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.

Horace.

Blush not to patronize the muse's skill.

Should I prove fortunate enough to captivate a portion of this class of readers, I may still hope to prolong the memory of my little hero, who, far removed from the tumultuous haunts of men, dreams not that his actions are ushered forth, to become the subject of public scrutiny.

Being in every respect diffident of my poetic powers, it may perhaps be enquired, wherefore I should hazard a production of this nature, without having first subjected it to the ordeal of criticism; to which I can only reply, by stating, that all versifiers are not endowed with that sublimity which characterises heroic compositions, and, although I allow that—

Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.————

Horace.

So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a poet's function;

I nevertheless conceive, that there may be individuals, whose comprehensions are more capable of appreciating the beauties of simplicity, than soaring into the rhapsodical heaven of heavens; and under such conviction do I usher my Poem into publicity, with

All its imperfections on its head.

SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Muse.—The Maniac Jane.—Filial tenderness.—Spring described.—A Storm at Night.—The Fisher Boy assists.—His Mental Cogitations.—Ned mends the Net.—The Fisher-Boy's Song.—Manner of Shooting and Hauling the Sean.—Division of the Fish.—The Jolter.—Ned prepares Whiting to make the Buckhorn.—A bad Haul described, with the Fisher-Boy's reasoning thereupon.—Conviction.—The Poet's conclusive Wish.

SPRING.

NO more my muse, by martial deeds inspir'd,
Shall sing of heroes with ambition fir'd :
Whose minds insatiate by new conquests led,
Enroll their fame 'midst millions of the dead.
No more the broils of nations I rehearse,
No crooked policy now marks my verse ;
To courts adieu, and ev'ry specious art,
That gives a varnish to the vicious heart :
To thee, soft god, enslaver of the soul,
Alike farewell.—I spurn thy soft controul,
To roseate bowers be gone, where dulcet strains
Invite thee to allay thy minions' pains.
Fly hence, ye visions : let my humbler muse
Less vice with more simplicity infuse :

Invocation.

Yes, come thou little sea-boy, come to me,
For thou alone inspir'st my minstrelsy;
Thy deeds to chronicle is all I crave,
And snatch thy mem'ry from oblivion's grave.

On Albion's coast, where Neptune's surges roar,
And western winds salubrious fan the shore,
Its straw-clad roofs an hamlet mean displays,
To wintry storms expos'd, and summer's rays:
There nightly on the beach, sad, silent, slow,
Poor Jane the maniac strays, oppress'd with woe;
Now halts to gaze upon the orb of night,
Then sighing, starts like one appall'd with fright:
Or when the skies with murky clouds o'ercast,
Her tresses wanton in the nipping blast,
While on her garments falls the drenching rain,
That vainly would allay the fev'rish pain,
Which, canker-like, the mental peace destroys,
And robs her heart of all congenial joys.

The Maniac Jane.

'Twas man, deceitful man, with baseness fraught,
And varnish'd tale, the yielding Jenny sought,
And 'lur'd her from the paths of spotless fame,
To tread the beaten road of public shame ;
By passion urg'd, her soul confess'd the love,
Which was at once her joy and bane to prove,
The first as short liv'd as the bliss procur'd,
The last with frenzied pain to be endur'd :
For still from year to year she feels the smart,
And moans her fault with blood-drops from the heart*.
O ! monster, when the maid was in thy pow'r,
Could'st thou so basely cull the stainless flow'r !

* As I have made it the leading feature of my Poem to give a narrative of simple facts, I beg the reader will not place to the account of fiction the little history of the Maniac Jane, and the final doom of her infamous betrayer, the whole tale being rigidly correct ; nor is the melancholy insanity of the Mother of Ned a deviation from the strictest veracity, as it is not from mere report that I write ; having frequently con-

 Effects of Seduction.

And after leave it to those stings of fate,
 The pangs of conscience, and the world's dire hate ?
 Could'st thou forget how oft, with honour's tongue,
 By thee, the theme of marriage had been sung ;
 How, urg'd by solemn pledges of thy troth,
 She yielded all without the nuptial oath ;
 Yes, gave her character in trust to thee,
 And all thy recompense was perfidy*.

versed with the unfortunate Jenny Lyons, whom I have selected for the subject of my lays ; and at the recollection of whose anguish I may truly say—

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit.

VIR.

At which my memory with grief recoils.

* How many are there, alas ! who, like the wretched maniac, have to deplore the perjured vows of their infamous seducers ; spurned by their parents, relatives, and former friends, who have not, like Jane, to boast that intellectual derangement, which, in all probability, throws the veil of oblivion over a portion of her sorrows ; nor receive the tender and honest endearments of a son, so truly exemplary as Ned, my honest little fisher-boy.

Effects of Seduction.

Yet soft, arraign not fate's all just behest,
Vengeance, ere long, assail'd his perjur'd breast ;
Far from the victim fled, he sought in vain
To hoard up wealth, his darling impulse—gain ;
The toil how fruitless ; pain procur'd but cross,
Venture on venture, brought on loss on loss.
Ruin'd, and poverty at length his lot,
Duty, religion, were alike forgot ;
Spurning the laws, his guilty thoughts applied
To wrench by force that gold his God denied.
By theft debas'd, he met the felon's doom,
Consign'd from execution to the tomb *.
Thus died the object of the maniac's joy,
Source of her anguish—parent of her boy ;

* Ad scelerum pœnas ultrix venit ira Tonantis
Hoc graviore manu, quo graviore pede.

Vengeance divine, to punish sin moves slow,
The slower is its pace, the surer is its blow.

 Filial Tenderness.

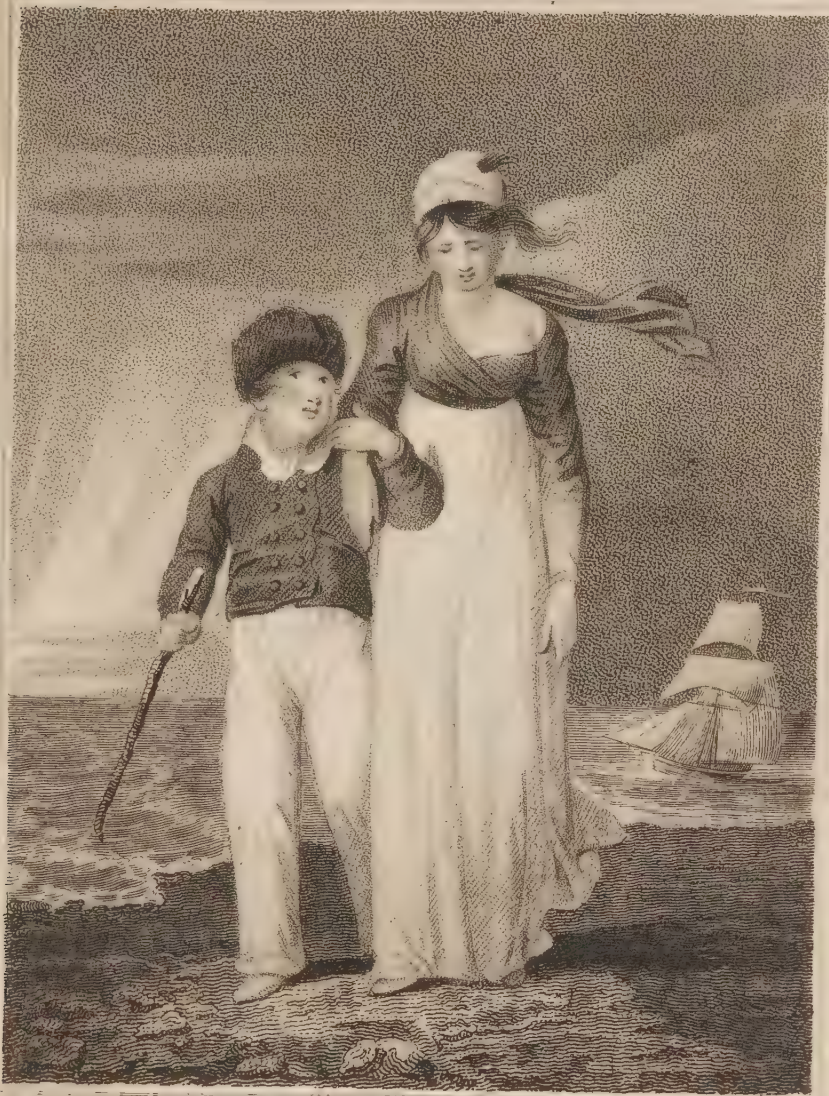
Of honest Ned, who, with unceasing pain,
 Strives to wash out his father's guilty stain,
 And to her wounds the balm of comfort lend,
 At once the child, the christian, and the friend *.
 'Tis his the task to labour out the day,
 And trace at eve his mother's lonesome way ;
 With tender converse strive to lull her pain,
 And safe conduct her to the cot † again.

* Such conduct on the part of our little hero, brings to mind the expressive line of Virgil, whose idea he may very justly be said to have verified.—

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

Who rais'd by merit an immortal name.

† It has frequently happened, at the dusk of the evening, that I have witnessed the fond attentions of this child of nature towards his parent, who, with downcast looks, and arm reclining on his shoulder, has slowly paced upon the shingle, bending her melancholy steps towards their wretched habitation.



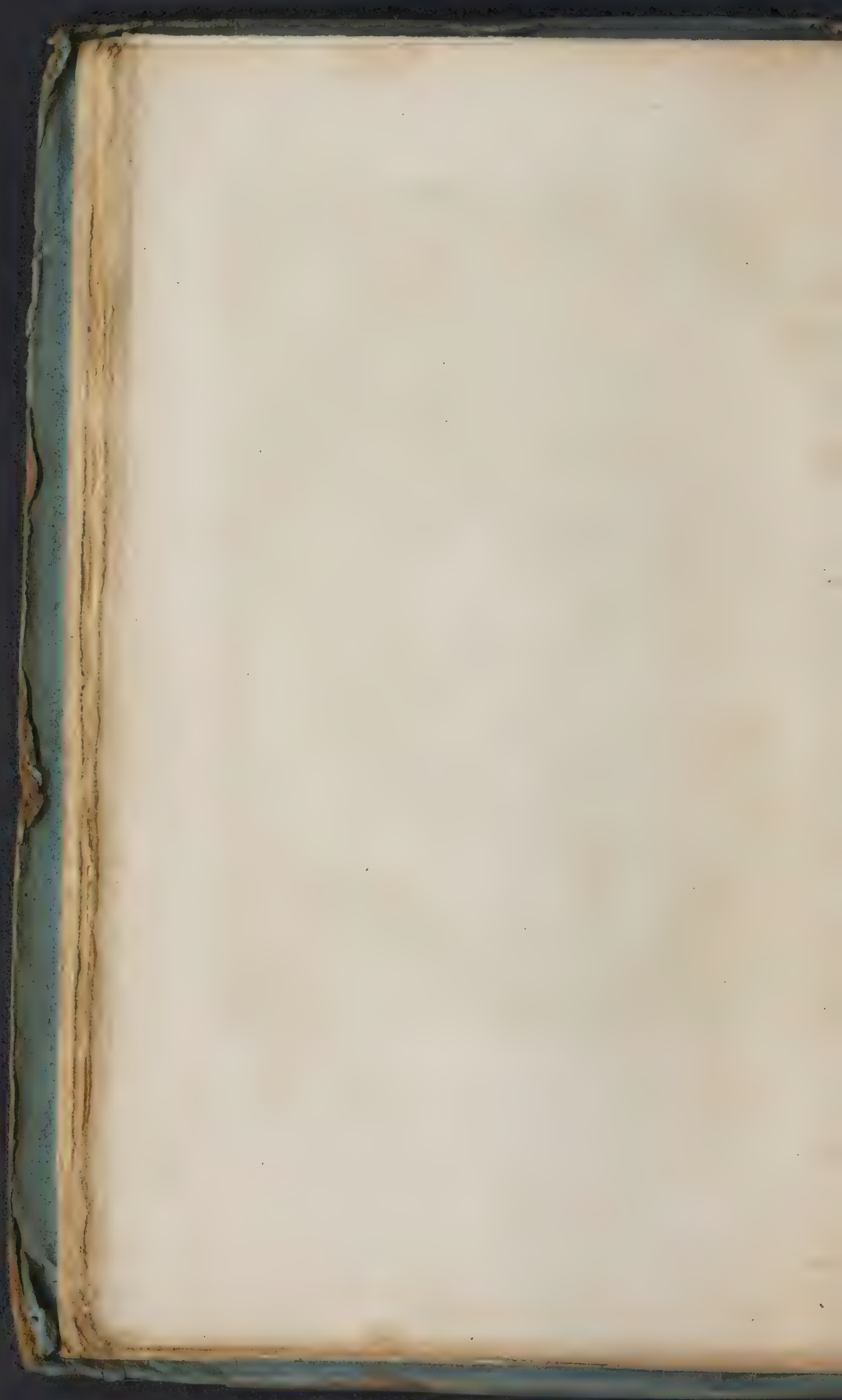
E. Ward del.

M. Kemmer sc.

*With tender converse strive to lull her pain,
And safe conduct her to the cot again.*

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Printed by Messrs. Hood & Sharpe, 1800



Spring described.

Then on the hearth the buckhorn * Ned will broil,
Their simple supper—produce of his toil.
And oft in tears will mark her tearless eye,
As when with stedfast gaze she heaves the sigh,
And vainly strives to vent the gushing grief,
For tears alone can yield her heart relief;
The cause is rooted, and no pow'r can save,
Her only remedy—the peaceful grave.
Yet hold, from suff'ring Jane my Muse now flies,
And wings her way to Spring's etherial skies,
When bursting buds array the leafless trees,
And op'ning flowers perfume the genial breeze;
Come, boist'rous March, and let the *Pisces* bring
With equinoxial winds the dawn of spring;

* The extreme poverty to which the inhabitants of many small fishing villages on the western coast are subjected, reduces them to the extremity of living, during the winter season, on this dry miserable food, which one would almost conceive incapable of affording sufficient nutriment for the support of the animal system.

A Storm at Night.

When angry billows, with incessant roar,
Dash o'er the shingle, and assail the shore,
Then spent, retire to join their wat'ry home,
And lave the sandy beach with milky foam.
Now, swiftly wafted by the howling gale,
Fall frozen show'rs of chrystal icy hail,
Which oft, like gems, the seaman's jacket grace,
Or, thaw'd by heat, course down his rugged face.
By frost led on, chaste Dian's crest is seen,
Spangling the expanse pure of liquid green,
Till clouds the glitt'ring surface quite obscure,
Which only beam'd a transitory lure ;
Inviting smugglers forth to tempt the deep,
And bury rashness in eternal sleep.
The o'er-fraught clouds, now poiz'd 'twixt heav'n and
 sea,
Besiege the moon with black artillery ;
In torrents, not in drops, pour down the rain,
Still adding horrors to the boist'rous main ;

A Storm at Night.

Where, toss'd in fell distress, the vessel rocks,
And bilges as she feels repeated shocks.
The well-known signal gains the sea-girt land,
Where hardy sailors line the darken'd strand *,
Face ev'ry peril to prolong life's breath,
And snatch poor seamen from impending death :
'Tis then, from sleep arous'd, poor little Ned
Will rush, half clad, from out his truckle bed,
Straight to the shore, with nimble speed repair,
To lend his aid, should aught require him there ;

* The truly picturesque appearance of such a scene, language is wholly inadequate to express—men, women, and children, at the same time appear upon the strand, in whose countenances are written eagerness, anxiety, and hope : while surrounded by their female friends, the wives of those exposed, are to be seen bathed in tears, and clasping in agony their little offspring to their heaving breasts ; such moments I have witnessed, nor do I blush to own—

*That all the mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Exertions of the Fisher-Boy.

The dismal truth once known, his hand is giv'n,
Pure effort, worthy of a son of heav'n ;
His little arms, extended at full length,
Shove on the boat, and vie with manly * strength,
O'er hills of pebbles still the bark he'll urge,
Until it gains at length the buoyant surge ;
Soon as the wave-toss'd skiff begins to float,
Experienc'd vet'rans spring into the boat,
Heedless of peril, and the drenching spray,
They dare the waves that bear them far away ;
Meantime the sea-boy on the shingle stands,
With heart high beating, and with firm clasp'd hands,
His eyes upon the blacken'd deep still bent,
Thus to the winds he gives his thoughts free vent :

* The contents of the above lines so forcibly remind me of the idea of a Latin Poet, that I cannot refrain from annexing it, as an illustration of my subject.—

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.
A larger portion of heroic fire,
Did his small limbs, and little breast inspire !

His Cogitations.

“ Ah ! would that I the name of man could boast,
“ And safely steer from dangers of the coast,
“ Had strength to buffet ev’ry yawning wave,
“ And ride triumphant o’er a wat’ry grave ;
“ No more in idleness should I remain,
“ To view the dangers of the briny plain ;
“ No more be left expectant on the strand,
“ Myself a help-mate of th’ advent’rous band ;
“ Oh ! then how amply would my toils be blest,
“ To tender comfort to the poor distress’d,
“ To see preserv’d their cargo and their lives ;
“ No orphans left, no hapless widow’d wives.
“ This to behold, and know myself* one cause,
“ Of their safe rescue from fate’s rueful jaws,

* Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.

LUCAN.

Not for himself, but for the world he lives.

The Brig saved.

“ Would lead me to despise all fears of death,
“ For should I sink, I nobly yield my breath,
“ Since I had plac’d in heaven alone my trust,
“ The impulse mercy, and my God is just.”

Such were the stripling’s thoughts ; and though they
broke

In humbler accents, as the theme he spoke,
The pray’r was equally receiv’d on high,
For there’s no favour with the Deity.
While thus pray’d little Ned, disdaining fear,
The seamen still towards the vessel steer,
And gain at length the laden brig distress’d,
By winds, by waves, and shoals at once oppress’d ;
Then, ere day’s dawning, pilot safe to shore,
Poor souls, who thought to see their homes no more.

Now scarce is *Aries* usher’d in with wet,
When little Ned repairs some owner’s net ;

Mends his Net.

To earn a sixpence from the master, he
From morn till night toils on incessantly.
With twine and needle works, the flaws to mend,
And with the mesh makes good each gaping rend ;
No sinful thought his busy mind employs,
The hand that labours, venom'd vice destroys ;
Dispels those vapours luxury oft brings,
Makes gods of poor men, slaves of ermin'd kings.
Free from such soul-subduing thoughts, the lad,
Arm'd with the conciousness of right—feels glad :
For pastime, oft some ditty he'll rehearse,
In strains as simple as the native verse,
While on the net sweet chubby infants* play.
And others list attentive to the lay.

* Of these it may with truth be said—

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint !

VIRGIL.

Too happy, if they knew their happy state !

Fisher-Boy's Song.

*THE FISHER-BOY'S SONG *.*

THERE lived once in Dorsetshire,
A maid of beauty bright,
Whose fame was spread both far and near,
To wound full many a knight ;
For she was found so passing fair,
That all who came to woo,
Being scorn'd, departed full of care,
Sly love had pierc'd them through.

Thus for a time her maiden heart
Prov'd cold to ev'ry one,
Some said she play'd a cruel part,
Some vow'd she'd turn a nun ;

* A traditional story being still extant, the above ballad was written upon that subject, as best adapted to the tenor of the present Poem.

Fisher-Boy's Song.

But Cupid, who ne'er yet was found
To suffer cold disdain,
His arrow shot, which caus'd a wound,
For he ne'er aims in vain.

And as her haughty breast so long
Had dar'd his shaft despise,
He vow'd he would avenge the wrong,
And her proud heart surprize ;
But not for lord, or knight, or squire,
Did he her love trepan,
For him, who then she did desire,
Was a poor fisherman.

'Twas on the beach, her eyes amaz'd,
First felt the potent pow'r,
Her love increasing as she gaz'd,
Was rooted from that hour ;

Fisher-Boy's Song.

In vain she warr'd against her fate,
And rous'd her bosom's pride,
The little god, enthron'd in state,
Was not to be denied.

And soon her spirits 'gan to fail,
Her cheeks the damask fled,
Until she look'd as wan and pale,
As one rose from the dead :
And doctors now in vain combin'd,
Her malady to move,
The pain was rooted in the mind ;
'Twas all-consuming love.

No rest by day, by night no sleep,
She soon approach'd death's door,
Her eyes did nothing else but weep,
Her bosom but deplore ;

Fisher-Boy's Song.

At length, unable to endure
The anguish of her breast,
Her humbled pride then sought a cure,
The secret she confess'd.

And after she the youth had seen,
Who proffer'd her his heart,
She rose once more, like beauty's queen,
And nurs'd the thrilling smart :
For soon at Hymen's sacred fane
She prov'd a blushing bride,
In bliss was banish'd all her pain,
His love was all her pride.

From this example, maids, take heed,
How Cupid you defy,
Or, when expected least, you'll bleed,
And like this fair one sigh.

Hauling the Seine.

Nor should this ditty less allure
The children of the cot,
By love are levell'd rich and poor,
Distinction quite forgot.

IN April Ned oft hears the welcome call,
And gladsome flies to tend the wish'd-for haul *,
O'er briny waves now undulates the boat,
Rides their curv'd tips—or sinks in peace to float.
A wat'ry mountain still succeeds, and now
Through the curl'd precipice glides on the bow,
While right and left the splashing surges rise,
And veil each object from the gazer's eyes;

* This word is made use of to denote the drawing in of the net, which, when cast, they call Shooting the Seine.

Hauling the Seine.

Rang'd on the beach, at equal distance stand,
 To haul each line, a motley lab'ring band,
 Men, women, children, draw the ropes amain,
 And little Ned cries out—God speed our Seine ! *
 But as the floating corks approach †, so those
 Employ'd at either rope run on to close ;

* On the western coast the net of the fisherman is technically called the *Seine* ; but on what account I have never been able to ascertain. The *Sain* and *Sain-boat* are of considerable value to the owner, being worth an hundred pounds, and upwards. The common *Sain* is 250 fathoms in length, or 500 yards ; but in the mackerel season they are 700 yards, and instances have been known of a net extending to 400 fathoms, or 800 yards.

† The *Seine-boat* having carried out the net to a certain distance, which depends entirely on the kind of fish they intend to haul, the *Seine* is then shot from the boat, which moves on, forming a circle, being supported by the floating corks affixed at equal distances to the ropes attached to the net. From each end of the *Seine* are cords extending to the beach, and which are there held by the persons stationed to haul the *Seine*, when completely cast into the sea ; these individuals form two rows, which gradually close as the net approaches the

Produce of the Haul.

And now the twiny snare the beach bespreads,
Tangled with sea-weeds, variegated shreds :
At length, as nearer draws the finny weight,
Each countenance betrays a mind elate,
Feelings in turn resume their wonted scope,
Now pallid fear pervades—now anxious hope.
The Seine on shore, no fear Ned's joy controuls,
Who leaps to view a glorious haul of soles,
With plenteous heaps of whittings, silv'ry skins,
And their companions the cream-coated blins.
The owner of the net's * especial care,
Is next to note down each assistant there ;

shore. I have frequently seen eighteen or twenty of the largest salmon, together with a variety of other fish, caught at one haul ; producing, when spread on the beach, an effect so beautiful, as to beggar all description.

* Any fisherman possessing a Seine, is denominated the *Owner*, or *Master*, and is regarded as a wealthy man in such small villages, where the value of the net is deemed a little fortune.

Fish described.

Another hand prepares to count the store,
When sep'rate heaps of fish o'erspread the shore,
Whose glitt'ring scales such varied * tints impart,
As bid defiance to the hand of art ;
For then in quick succession will arise,
Pearls, di'monds, em'ralsds, living to the eyes,
The tint of roses mingling with the hue
Of pansie, daffodil, and violet blue ;
And yet, poor harmless offsprings of the deep,
For ye the liquid drops mine eyes ensteep,

* It is absolutely impossible to witness the dying agonies of these variegated and beautiful creatures, without yielding to the most painful emotions ; and when the eye is led to contemplate the diversity and brightness of the colouring they assume, while in the last moments, it is apparent that their corporeal sufferings must be of the most acute kind. It is scenes like these that afford an ample field for the gluttonous appetite of the Hollander, so partial to the finny race, who, although accustomed to kill the fish the moment they are caught, is led to this apparent meritorious conduct from a desire to pamper his own appetite, and not from any sentiment of feeling towards the suffering animal.

Agonies of the dying Fish.

As writhing, I your tinsell'd forms behold,
Your heaving gills, and eyes of blue and gold,
Ring-like distended, and with glazy stare,
Bent on high heav'n, with fix'd and anguish'd glare ;
Dullness at length each brilliant orbit shades,
For gold and azure, misty film pervades ;
Thus death approaching, veils the sparkling sight,
And closes in proportion life and light.
Each parcel counted, Ned receives his lot *,
For e'en the smallest child is ne'er forgot ;
And if some red-nos'd Jolter † then should wish,
For market town to purchase lots of fish,

* The manner of dividing the produce of the haul is as follows :—The owner of the Seine is entitled to one half of the fish caught ; each male assistant has twice as much as a female ; while the latter is not rewarded with any more than a boy or girl.

† A Jolter is a species of Higler, who attends at small fishing-places to purchase the produce of the net, which he transports up the country. These fellows, who are adepts in every species of low cunning, are equally addicted to drunkenness.

The Jolter.

Ned to the wily barterer will hie,
Present his stock, and ask him if he'll buy;
Hard bargain, to ensure the most he can,
For though no Jew, our sea-boy knows his man.
But if no dealer waits : the welcome gain
Ned forthwith eases of its ling'ring pain ;
Beneath the gill, and thro' the mouth applied,
His nimble fingers straight the twine doth glide.
Arriv'd at cot, to Jane he shows the string,
Conscious his toils increasing comforts bring,

uniformly spending all the profits of their merchandise in public-houses. The Jolter usually purchases, for the conveyance of his goods, a worn-out horse, and sometimes a donkey —wretched animals, which were far happier in death, than suffering the merciless conduct of their brutal masters. It has frequently come within my cognizance, during the mackerel season, to witness each hundred of that fish disposed of at first hand on the beach for ten shillings, which the Jolter will retail up the country at sixpence and ninepence a piece ; yielding an ample profit, did the gainer but justly appreciate his good fortune.

Making the Buckhorn.

His stool then places at the cottage door,
From whence are seen the breakers and the shore ;
His knife he whets upon the nearest stone,
Each whiting's back rips down, then draws the bone,
And being cleans'd of entrails, and of blood,
He laves the carcase in fresh water's flood,
Some salt applies, then plac'd in sun or shade,
Leaves it to dry, and thus the Buckhorn's* made ;
Whose firm flesh, hoarded up, affords a treat,
By hunger season'd, far beyond rich meat,
When stew'd with luscious sauces, that excel
In pamp'ring appetite and sating smell.

With genial *Taurus* milder breezes play,
Though sometimes cold assumes a transient sway ;

* The foregoing lines have so precisely explained the manner of preparing Whiting for Buckhorn, that it is needless to illustrate the subject any farther.

A bad Haul described.

Light clouds dispense around translucent show'rs,
To nurse the soil, and rear the opening flow'rs.
Ned, watchful, at each haul repairs to aid,
His only profit now the fishing-trade ;
But, ah ! not always will success ensue,
Fortune will cross us, though we strive to do ;
Such fate our honest lad will often share,
In spite of labour and unceasing care :
Oh ! then he gazes, fraught with mental pain,
Upon the inauspicious empty Seine* ;

* The distance from land at which the fishermen in the Seine-Boat shoot their nets, and the many hours it takes to haul in the Seine, are circumstances little known to individuals who have not been residents near the sea : let the reader, therefore, picture to his imagination a number of persons, whose sole reliance is placed upon the produce of the nets, hauling in the same, after three hours hard labour, and finding, perhaps, but sixpennyworth of fish ; yet such is by no means an uncommon circumstance.

Ned's argumentative Powers.

For labour thus he'll oft no produce get,
And whilst in silence he o'erhauls* the net,
A stifled sigh perhaps his bosom heaves,
Not for his own, his mother's wants he grieves ;
And pensive thus awhile remains his breast,
Till something whispers :—All is for the best :
Now 'gins to dissipate fell sorrow's cloud,
While reason's offsprings on his fancy croud.
“ All's right,” says Ned, “ for it is understood
“ No ill proceeds from God, who does all good ;
“ So if to sin I never feel inclin'd,
“ Why need I fear the Lord should prove unkind.”
Thus having argu'd, then a pause ensues,
When thus the boy his train of thought pursues :

* It is necessary to remark, that after the toil of hauling the Seine, it is requisite that all hands should be employed in *overhauling* the net, by which term is meant the spreading the same regularly out upon the shingle, for drying ; as when

Conviction of God's goodness.

“ What though this day hath brought no good : from

“ thence

“ May I not hope the morrow's recompence ;

“ And should the morrow fail, is there not still

“ A third day for the great Almighty's will,

“ Besides, of Buckhorn there's yet on the shelf

“ A plenteous store for mother and myself ;

“ Then why repine, of hunger none e'er die,

“ Who labour hard, and place their trust on high.”

Conviction instant flash'd on little Ned,

“ Forgive me, God :”—he sigh'd, and hung his head.

Ah ! would such simple reason * did but rule

All men—and not the jargon of a school—

hauled from the sea it is left in large hillocks, in which situation it would never dry, but become rotten. This overhauling the net, which is an additional toil, will take nearly one hour after the several labourers have found that there is not one fish *a-piece* to repay them for their assiduity.

* ——— quæ possit facere & servare beatum.

HOR.

To make men happy, and to keep them so,

Fallacy of the Schools.

Disputes no longer would perplex the mind,
But one true standard govern all mankind :
Logic would yield its powers to common sense,
As reason governs ruling providence.

SUMMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Summer described.—The Salmon-Peel.—The Seine being *fast*.—Grandeur of Omnipotence.—Birds inhabiting the Cliffs described.—Rabbits.—Catching Crabs and Lobsters.—Baiting the Lobster Pot.—Pegging the Lobster.—The Poet's Commiseration for that Animal's sufferings.—A Summer Storm.—The Fisher-Boy's Occupation.—His internal Prayer.—The Mercy of the Redeemer of the World.—The Crew and little Ned preserved from Death.—Tenderness of the Fisher-Boy towards his Mother.—Shrimping and Prawnning described.—Varieties found on the rocky Beach.—A Scol of Mackerel seen.—Produce of the Seine in Summer fully exemplified.

SUMMER.

THRICE welcome Summer, for to thee I tune
Mine oaten pipe, and hail auspicious June ;
Rich harbinger of ev'ry luscious sweet,
That fecund nature * rears the sense to greet ;
With thee unnumber'd flow'rets grace the day,
And full blown roses carpet out thy way ;
Embroider'd hills and vallies meet the view,
Ripen'd by Sol, and fed with morning's dew ;

* It is impossible to recur to the sign of Gemini without exclaiming with the poet :

———— Nunc formosissimus annus.

VIRGIL.

Now the gay year in all her charms is drest.

Opening of Day.

Now strain the warbling choirs their little throats,
To greet new Summer with enlivening notes ;
And half-fledg'd young ones of the breathy Spring,
Peep from the nest, desirous to take wing,
While tender fears assail the mother's breast,
Who anxious sits the guardian of her nest.
Now breaks in *Gemini* the grey-ey'd light,
Awakening dawn by robbing sullen night ;
The jocund hours come laughing hand in hand,
Surround Sol's car, and join Aurora's band ;
With dewy kiss salute her brows serene,
And smiling, hail her summer's rosy queen ;
O'erjoy'd night's murky influence to fly,
They graceful trip it thro' the azure sky ;
As wide o'er briny expanse dart the beams,
Lacing the em'rald tints with golden gleams.
'Tis now the fisher-boy to joy gives scope,
For Summer proves the harvest of his hope ;

With glistning eyes he hails the rising sun,
Nor ceases labour till its course is run ;
Still tends the shooting of the seine to feel,
The profits rising from the salmon-peel *,
In more abundance now the whiting shares,
Which, if unsold, for drying he prepares ;
And for his parent's eating dab supplies,
Which cleans'd—in dripping pan he dext'rous fries ;
Then adds potatoes slic'd, thin, crisp, and brown,
Whereto he sets his silent mother down ;
Praises the dish, to coax her to the meal,
The highest earthly transport he can feel.

The self-same toil awhile gives Ned good store,
For still the seine invites him to the shore ;

* The salmon-peel is a small fish resembling the salmon in its external appearance, as also when cut ; but to the palate is perfectly tasteless. There are ignorant persons, however, who mistake this fish, at first sight, for the salmon-trout, than which it is impossible to conceive any thing more different.

The Net fast.

Where oft the owner, when his net is cast,
In hoarse unwelcome tones sings out—" 'Tis *fast* ! *"
Who hauling in finds out some rock at sea,
Hath rent the toil, and set the captives free.

Sometimes as Sol 'gins kiss the western waves,
And, dipp'd in flood, his circlet partly laves,
While thus array'd in all his blazing pride,
With burning arms clasps Thetis willing bride.
'Tis then our Ned will stroll beneath the cliff,
And mark the progress of the scudding skiff;
The laden culm † brig he'll descry afar,
Or proudly sailing view the sloop of war;

* The seine is called fast when it is caught by some rock at sea, on which occasion the meshes of the net in hauling up are frequently torn, and through these rents the fish, which would otherwise have been brought to shore, escape from jeopardy, to the loss of the master and his assistants.

† The culm, which is a species of slaty coal, used in the west, will be further described in treating of the Winter Season.

Magnificent Scenery.

Her pendant flying, and her broad white sails
Swell'd into graceful curves by gentle gales.
At other times huge chasms* in the rocks,
Hewn by the force of elemental shocks,
With silent wonder strike his youthful eye,
Teaching the grandeur of the Deity†,

* A most extraordinary circumstance occurred on the western coast about twelve years back, when upwards of seven acres of land on the cliff suddenly parted from the main soil, and were carried into the sea, from whose surface there now rises a bold precipice, some hundred yards in height, the intermediate space from the main land, forming a tremendous chasm; which affords burrows for millions of rabbits. It is not a little extraordinary, that two gentlemen had been walking half an hour previous on the ground that gave way, and that a stile, on which they had been sitting in the course of their excursion, was standing within these two years, at the summit of the eminence now rising from the bosom of the sea; from which spot the most magnificent prospect of the channel is discernible, though few persons will hazard themselves upon the towering and perpendicular point.

† I shall here put a beautiful classic exclamation in the mouth of Ned, who, if initiated in the knowledge of the

 The Power of Omniscience.

Whose frown omniscient this firm globe can shake,
And nod tremendous make all nature quake ;

schools, would not perhaps have felt so thoroughly the awful inspiration, as when instructed by the simple dictates of nature.

Jupiter est quodcunque vides.

LUCAN.

Where'er you turn your eyes, 'tis God you see.

It is at the village of B——, near the spot where this wonderful crash of nature took place, that I have frequently repaired with a party of friends to dine, on some rocky eminence, bearing the cold provisions on a donkey. Upon such occasions, the cloth being spread on the grass, we have enjoyed a meal, surrounded by a grandeur of scenery that bade defiance to the most sumptuous edifices reared by the hand of art.—From the madning heighth the expanded bosom of the ocean has reflected various colours, sometimes showing the red hue of the cliff lowering a darkening shade upon the deep, at others tinged with variegated hues of green, or spangled by the dazzling rays of a sultry sun ; in short, all the varieties of prismatic colours has blazed in succession to the astonished eye, a never-ending source of wonder and delight. As to inland scenery, I will allow that it is fraught with beauties, but, for the truly sublime, nothing can possibly vie with the surface of the ocean ; whether in a calm, or agitated by tempestuous fury.

*The village alluded to is Bearn
H. H. Walker being at Bearn at that
time and the top of the old fort where
the battle took place is called Bearn
Head which is the description referred
to*

The Sea-Gull.

Whose pow'r alike can harmony controul,
Or in one chaos overwhelm the whole.
Amidst these cliffs the fisher-boy will oft
Descry the screaming sea-gull * perch'd aloft ;
Then mark the spreading of its pennons white,
And see it rise aloft in lordly flight,
Or sailing smoothly down, its wings emerge
In the white breakers of the beachy surge ;

* The screaming of the sea-gull, to a contemplative mind, while sitting on the rocks beneath the overhanging cliffs, is productive of ideas fraught with a pleasing melancholy, which, when combined with the regular dashing of the surge, obliterates, for a period, the recollection of a turbulent and unhappy world. It has been remarked, that insane persons are particularly fond of the sea-shore ; a circumstance which does not excite my astonishment, when it is considered that the regular return of the breakers lulls the mind into a pleasing trance, that counteracts the effects of intense thinking. In disorders of the brain it has frequently been deemed requisite, by physicians, to administer an artificial, but regular, dropping of water, in order to allay the acute workings of the disordered fancy.

Hawk, Rook, and Crow described.

Nor less the keen-ey'd hawk his sight allures,
Who in some cleft its progeny secures ;
With dark brown vans distended soars away,
Till poiz'd with quiv'ring wings it marks the prey ;
Stays but to rivet fast the reptile's eye,
Then swiftly pouncing, seals its destiny.
Full oft the cawing rooks their plumage show,
With ebon coated, and the harsh ton'd crow ;
Its wings slow flapping in the airy height,
Lounging lag lazily a ling'ring weight.
But not alone to feather'd choirs belong
The thankful tribute in my sea-boy's song ;
The playful rabbit * equally appears
To charm our Ned, with downy dusky ears ;

* As this animal is to be found in great quantities amidst the chasms of the cliffs, where it burrows, and which along the western coast are of a reddish earth, the poor fishermen frequently shoot them ; though at the risk of incurring the fine. The wild rabbit, thus procured, is far superior in flavour to that which is reared in a tame state.

The Rabbit.

Now flat and now erect, should aught surprise,
Sure proof its safety in its hearing lies;
For swift it burrows; and, when once in cell,
Intrusion and intruders, both farewell!
Yet soft, my Muse, this idle theme forbear,
Which of my hero's labours forms no share,
To work once more, for it is now the lot
Of little Ned, to tend the lobster-pot*;

* The lobster-pot is a wicker basket, formed in a concave shape upon the top, and in construction resembles a wire-mouse-trap, or sparrow-basket; by which means the fish, when once in the toil, can never extricate itself. To these pots they are allured by the smell of the putrid fish, cut up in small pieces, which serve as food for the crabs and lobsters, after being confined in the snare; as they are frequently left for days by the owner, ere he puts to sea in order to inspect his pots. The spot where the pots are sunk is known by floating corks, which are affixed to cords fastened to the top of the baskets. It will not be amiss to state, that lobsters and crabs are also caught with other fish, in hauling the seine.

Preparing Lobsters' Bait.

In *Cancer* he the ocean joyful braves,
Nor thinks of howling blasts, or wint'ry waves :
But, ah ! though smooth the deep as spotless glass,
Beware the lure—full oft it comes to pass,
Beneath that smile a coil'd up serpent lies,
First to ensnare with wiles, and then surprize.
Now stow'd in seine-boat, view my Ned sedate,
From offal fish prepare the lobster's bait ;
O'er noisome garbage there compell'd to sit,
Divide and subdivide in small each bit.
Towards his pots the fisherman now steers,
And pressing sail, the seine-boat that way veers ;
With milky whiteness streaks the glossy plain,
And scarcely ruffles the unruffled main :
Arriv'd at length, he greets the welcome toils,
Prepar'd to draw the wish'd for shelly spoils ;
And now with smiles perceives each pot well stor'd,
With crabs and lobsters, an abundant hoard ;

Pegging the Lobster.

Each shell cas'd limb well arm'd with jagged claw,
Would fain the blood from his assailant draw;
But vain the struggle 'gainst superior art,
Thy claws are pegg'd*—how keen must prove the smart,
A pointed wedge between each joint to drive,
And thus in anguish keep the fish alive:
For what? Ah! would my fancy cou'd controul
Those thrilling sentiments that touch my soul,
But no: the Muse such thoughts disdains to shield,
A foe to cruelty, the lance she'll wield,

* The method of pegging the lobster and crab is by driving a sharp wooden wedge between the joints of the claws, thus piercing a thin horny substance, by which operation they are wholly incapacitated from making use of those offensive weapons with which nature has armed them, being otherwise so strong and sharp, as to be capable of severing the finger of a man. These fish must undoubtedly suffer the greatest agony from pegging, as their struggles sufficiently indicate; and, on pulling out the pëg previous to the boiling of the animal, a thin bloody water always follows from the wound, in considerable quantities.

Thoughts on boiling the Lobster.

And rather to oblivion would be sent,
Than screen a crime to 'scape the punishment.
Yes, wretched suff'ers, it is doom'd that you,
For coat of jet shall take the coral hue ;
Plac'd, while yet living, o'er consuming fire,
You thus in your own element expire.
Ah ! did we contemplate before we eat,
What pangs have been experienc'd for our treat,
Oft would the appetite with thought grow dull,
And pity make the empty stomach full.
Let me refrain, to those enough I've said,
Who by congenial sentiments are led :
So to my fisher-lad I'll turn once more,
Casting of bait, in ev'ry pot a store,
As joyfully the ample lot he eyes,
Ensuring to himself a certain prize.
The work then ended, straight they haul the sail,
And make tow'rd land, urg'd by an ev'ning gale ;

Summer Storm.

But short liv'd prove to them Sol's sinking rays,
Wide o'er th' horizon rolls a dismal haze;
In sullen majesty the clouds are driv'n,
And mantle with fell gloom the cheek of heav'n;
Urg'd by the blast, smooth ocean, late so green,
Distorted frowns, and wears a murky mien;
High surges rising, tow'rd the beach still roam,
And tinge the blackness of the deep with foam.
Now rides the bulky porpoise near the strand,
Now sails the shrill-ton'd sea-gull from the land;
Plunges and dips in surf its downy breast,
And hails, with screams, old Neptune, rage oppress'd;
Still onward stride the clouds of leaden tinge,
While others, copp'rous like, hang on as fringe,
Burthen'd with thunder and that fluid dire,
That tracks the gloom with pale electric fire.
United 'gainst the seine-boat, winds and surge,
The bark on ev'ry side impetuous urge,

Thunder and Lightning pictured.

The fishermen expert, ne'er daunted, yield,
But try experience 'gainst the dang'rous field,
Summon all former practice to their aid,
Regarding tempests as the rubs of trade.
Ned, who had weather'd oft before a gale,
The storm beholds, nor feels his courage fail ;
With ardor fir'd, performs his duty true,
The gen'ral safety with his own in view :
Now spout the torrents from each surcharg'd cloud,
Now rage the winds, now bursts the thunder loud ;
While livid fires sulphureous, forked trace
Their paly glare, on closing night's black face.
Least too much canvas should the boat capsize,
The sails are reef'd, for fiercer blasts arise,
While billows break incessant o'er the bark,
And nought but lightning dissipates the dark ;
Now sounds of night the tenth revolving hour,
To make the shore is still beyond their power,

Ned's Employment.

The storm hard batters, while the boat still rocks,
And feels at ev'ry plank repeated shocks ;
Soon from another point * the wind loud roars,
The mast is struck, the seamen seize their oars ;
The tempest bids defiance to controul,
And threatens instant death to ev'ry soul :
Their sinewy arms the fishermen now strain,
And tug against the mountains of the main ;
Conquer the summit of each liquid steep,
To plunge once more midst horrors of the deep ;
Up to the middle now the fisher-boy
In water standing, follows his employ ;
The briny liquid with a bowl heaves o'er,
And prays, in silence, to regain the shore :

* In tempestuous weather, when the gale blows directly from shore, the fishermen are obliged to strike the masts, and take to their oars, as the only means left them of effecting a landing.

Ned's internal Ejaculation.

For should he ne'er again arrive at cot,
 He thinks, with anguish, on his mother's lot ;
 Depriv'd of ev'ry power to earn her bread,
 Famish'd at length, perhaps, she'd join the dead,
 Waft 'neath some frowning cliff her latest sigh,
 No friend to hold her head, and see her die ;
 No son to waft forth all his bosom's love,
 And sooth her spirit for its flight above.
 Thus inward prays poor Ned, the incense sweet,
 Wafted by angels to his Saviour's feet ;
 Spreads o'er the visage of his God divine,
 An heav'nly radiance and a smile benign :
 " Haste," says the son of light, " and tender aid,
 " That suppliant spirit's * plea must be obey'd ;

* In allusion to this figurative idea, I cannot refrain from quoting the words of Ovid, in support of my metaphor.

Cura pii diis sunt.

The good are Heav'n's peculiar care.

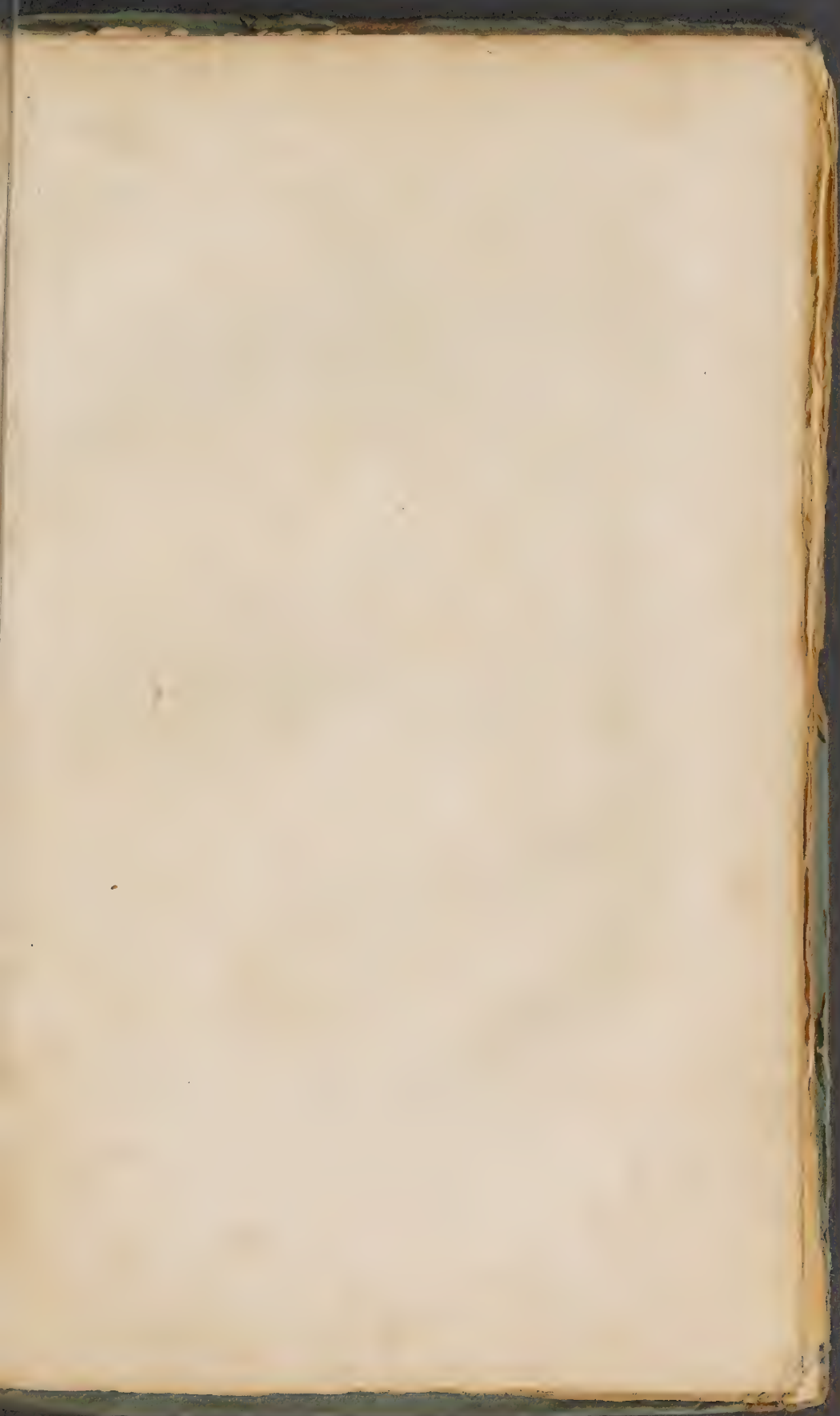
Beneficence of the Redeemer.

“ From whose pure soul my sacred precept flows,
“ Who prays for others, not for private woes.”
So wills the bless’d Redeemer, when for flight,
With wings expanded, soars a child of light ;
Glowing with extasy at thought of good,
With whirlwind’s speed then darts towards the flood,
With beamy radiance each dire cloud dispels,
And all the atmospheric horror quells ;
Calms the rude clangor of the yawning wave,
Preserving that which mortals could not save.

Rous’d by the storm, the hamlet’s sons repair,
To mark how those in lobster-boat will fare ;
For to his pots Bob Jones had steer’d, they knew,
So felt for him, and for the little crew !
As well they might ; since no assistance then
Could yield the ablest, boldest, fishermen ;

Sleep of the Maniac.

A storm, so terrible, no summer skies
Had e'er before presented to their eyes :
As thus in dread expectancy they wait,
To mark the sequel of impending fate,
With transports they salute returning peace,
Viewing the horrors of the tempest cease,
And loud huzza, to see the angry main
Restore their friends, who spring to land again.
Once pass'd the threshold of the cottage-door,
Ned paces nimbly o'er the stone-pav'd floor,
Illumes the lamp, impatient of delays,
Anxious to view the author of his days ;
With caution then withdraws the curtain'd veil,
Made from the remnant of a tatter'd sail,
And views the impulse of soul-soothing sleep,
His mother's maniac senses sound ensteep :
Thankful to see his parent's feelings calm,
Lull'd by the transient soporific balm,





F. Bird del.

M. Kenzie sc.

*The curtain drops with blessings on her head,
Then kneeling suppliant down beside his bed.
Offers up thanks — page 51.*

London. Pub^d by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe. 1809

Shrimping and Prawnning.

The curtain drops with blessings on her head,
Then kneeling suppliant down beside his bed,
Offers up thanks, and on his rug is bless'd,
With one unvarying night of sweetest rest.

Propitious now the summer solstice glows,
To shrimp with little net * our Ned oft goes ;
While sultry *Leo* plenteously supplies,
With savo'ry prawns, that yield a precious prize :
'Tis now with anxious gaze the moon he'll view,
Note well the full, and equally the new ;
Then at low-water-mark that spot he'll reach,
Where sand abounds, and rocks bestrew the beach.

* The prawning net is of a conical form, attached to an iron hoop, and thence to a pole. The times for prawning are at the new and full of the moon, as the tides are then lowest, leaving more rocks and sand to be tried by the persons who follow this employ.

The Crab and Æmone.

His net to hoop attach'd, and fixt to pole,
He nimbly glides within each rocky hole,
With care proceeds the limpid pools to try,
Where shelly prawns transparent meet the eye;
Arrests their darting progress with his drag,
Draws forth the spoils, then pops them in his bag;
And while thus busied, he will sometimes pause,
To mark the green crab sidling on its claws;
Will oft preserve in pouch some fine-vein'd shell,
Or pluck the varied weed from rocky cell;
Nor does that living wonder 'scape his eye,
The little snaky living æmone*,

* The Æmone must certainly be considered as a most wonderful marine production, as it is difficult to ascertain, with any degree of certainty, whether it be vegetable or animal. The Æmone possesses a kind of fungus consistency, which fastens to the rocks, while the part presenting itself to the eye has the appearance of small snakes, of variegated colours, which are in constant motion. This creature is found

Muscles, Cockles, Frills, &c.

Whose fungus body to the rock adheres,
While, like Medusa's locks, its back appears,
Fring'd with all colours to th' admiring view,
In beauty equal to the rainbow's hue.
In myriads, clinging to the stones are seen,
Muscles and cockles, ting'd with black and green,
And perriwinkles; frills * with cockle shell,
Whose flesh of pinkish hue in sauce eats well;
These, with unnumber'd reptiles of the main,
The tide retiring, leaves on sandy plain;
Fit food for contemplation of the sage,
Whose study is prolific nature's page.

in the little pools interspersed among the rocks, which, when the tide retires, leaves sufficient water to cover them until the influx of the sea.

* The Frill is enclosed in shells, exactly like those of the Cockle; it is eaten raw, as well as in sauce, and its flesh displays a most beautiful scarlet hue.

Scole of Mackerel.

Return'd from prawning, Neddy, without fail,
Finds for his horny lot immediate sale,
Which being boil'd, the long claw'd produce straight
Is turn'd to scarlet hue, though green so late ;
Making, what living was as amber clear,
A substance firm, and quite opaque appear.

In seine-boat station'd, distant from the land,
Now takes the owner of each net his stand,
For hours awaits, till on the greeny wave
He views afar the *scole** of mack'rel lave,
With bright effulgence wide the surface stain,
And clothe with silv'ry hue the rippling plain.

* The *scole* of Mackerel is a term used by the fishermen when they perceive a quantity of these fish from the shore, rippling on the surface of the sea ; on which occasion they are instantly visible to the inhabitants of these villages, who forthwith put the boat off, and shoot the seine, when they frequently draw fifteen and sixteen thousand at one haul.

Haul of Mackerel, &c.

With promptitude the net is thrown to sea,
While those on shore awaiting anxiously ;
The signal viewing, feel returning hope,
Spring to the shingle, and straight grasp the rope ;
Then hauling hours, at length with cheers they greet
Ten thousand mack'rel, labour's produce sweet,
Which glare at once on the enchanted sight,
Blue, green, and roseat, mingling with pure white.

Full oft the seine with varied colours glows,
Its coat of pink the high-back'd piper * shows ;
The flat and dark brown plaice, with soals esteem'd,
The brill, with turbot, best of fishes deem'd ;

* The Piper is a small beautiful fish, which varies in its shades of pink ; when dressed, its flavour is by many much admired ; but, for myself, I think it insipid in the extreme.

Quin and John Dory.

Red freckled gurnet, and the paly blin *,
Mullets † and thornbacks too, with prickly skin ;
Nor should unheeded pass the fam'd John Dory ‡,
By Quin renown'd in Epicurean story,

* This fish is of the size and much resembles the colour of the Whiting, but is by no means equal to it in flavour.

† Mullets, or Sea-Woodcocks, as they are denominated on the coast, on account of their excellence, are both of a red and grey complexion ; the former, however, are the most estimable, and are cooked Woodcock fashion, the entrails being dressed in the fish.

‡ It would be useless to expatiate on the subject of the Dory, to feast upon which Mr. Quin would travel an hundred miles ; and was even known to affirm, that his only desire was to have a throat one mile in length, and stuffed with Dories. This fish, when no larger than the hand, eats most delicious fried ; but this can only be experienced on the sea coast, as they will not keep. It is astonishing to remark how often the Dory changes colour when dying ; nor is it less wonderful to

The Squib.

Whose side of dusky hue, with mark is fraught,
Th' impression of St. Peter's thumb, 'tis thought.
This fish, while struggling, withameleon vies,
By changing oft its colour, as it dies.
Oft in the net is found the jellied squib *,
Of varied tinctures, and to pressure glib ;

observe, that, when placed one upon the other, their sides become of a scaly whiteness. With respect to the mention of St. Peter, as connected with this fish, the following verse from St. Matthew is supposed to allude to the John Dory :—

“ Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up ; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money : that take and give unto them, for me and thee.”

* The Squib is not unlike a bladder distended and lengthened ; it has a long snout, and throws forth a black liquor, offensive to the smell. The fishermen have an idea that

The Bull Fish, &c.

The milky substance of the gluey bull *,
Whose roundish form's with pois'nous matter full.
The emmer, pollick, salmon, salmon-peel,
Dabs, flounders, whittings, and the slipp'ry eel:
Such is the varied produce summer shows,
Which from his toil the fisherman oft throws,
Bringing new comforts to the lab'ring boy,
Whose days of toiling bring on nights of joy ;
Whose trust is heav'n, and whose unceasing care
Is to make her he loves his comforts share :

the Squib poisons the Mackerel, with the hauls of which fish it is constantly taken.

* The Bull-fish is very extraordinary, possessing no external show whatsoever, either of limbs, or membranes ; and in appearance is precisely like a round lump of jelly. The Bull, when caught in summer, with other fish, which very frequently occurs, is immediately cut into four pieces by the fisherman, in order to destroy it, as it is said to contain a deadly poison.

Trust in God.

Who, void of art himself, is truly blest,
Does all he can, and leaves to God the rest *.

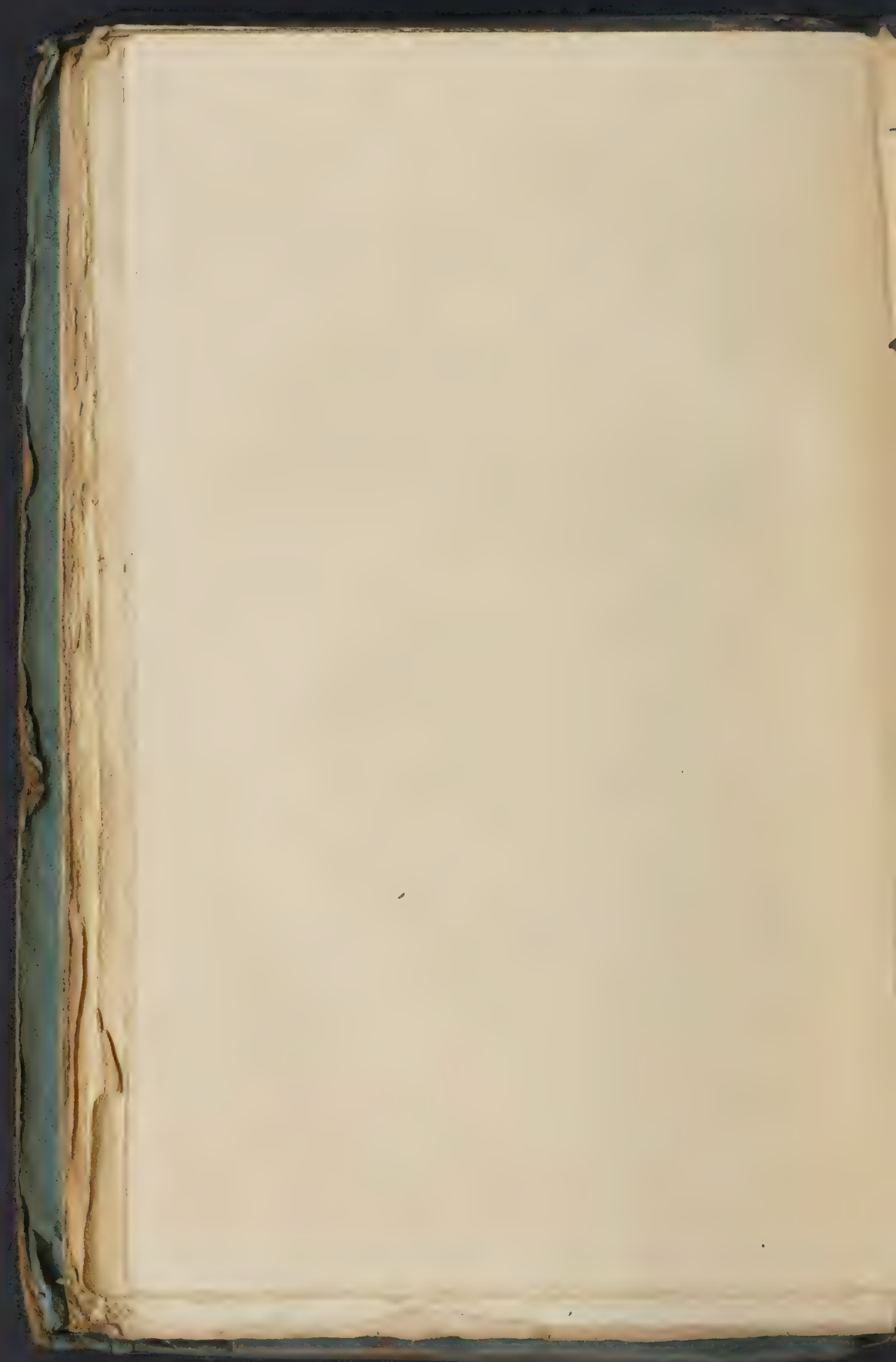
* I cannot conclude this part of my poem better, than by applying the following words to my Fisher-Boy, as explanatory of his mental felicity :—

———— Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi.

HORACE.

True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin :
He's arm'd without, that's innocent within ;
Be this my screen, and this my wall of brass.

POPE.



AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

Description of Autumn.—Nutting.—Cutting the Seine, with Ned's ideas.—Shooting the Seine for Pilchards.—Porpoise described, and its Use.—The Fisher-Boy makes and rigs a Sloop.—A Donkey purchased.—Ned finds Friends.—His conduct to his Ass, with the Apostrophe of the Poet on that Animal's sufferings.—Smuggling adverted to.—Fate of the Smugglers when pressed.—Culm, and its Use.—Samphire picking.—Aurora Borealis.—Playing of the Salmon.—An English Fleet at Sea.—Poet's Address to Howe, Duncan, Vincent, and Nelson.—Ned's feelings as a Briton.

AUTUMN.

VEIL'D in the purple streakings of the dawn,
Old Time steals softly to the sleeping morn,
Who from the dappled pillow rears her head,
And rises, blushing to be caught in bed.
Now cooler breezes fan the close-shorn ground,
And mirthful strains of harvest-home resound.
While Sol, more partial grown with length'ning shades,
Darkens the hills and 'luminates the glades,
The winds more chilling play o'er ocean's surge,
And curling breakers more impetuous urge,
To wash the shingle, which, with constant roar
Rumbles unsteady thunder to the shore.
Still brightly glows the vaulted concave high,
Reflecting on the waves its azure dye,

Nutting and Cyder Press.

While gold and purple morn, and evening grace,
To tinge with hues alternate ocean's face ;
With *Virgo* changing from their lust'rous green,
The leafy clothings of the woods are seen,
Gilded by Sol, their dark brown tinges glow,
And all the honours of ripe autumn show.
Now hies our Ned, with bag and long hook'd stick,
To hedges, wood, and coppice, nuts* to pick,
Showing their shells, quite bronz'd and hard with heat,
Which yield, when crack'd, a firm and savoury meat ;
These sold in pecks, an eighteenpence produce,
For little Neddy's and his mother's use.

* Nutting, and gathering of apples for the cyder press, constitute two of the employments of the labouring fisher-boy, when the weather proves unpropitious to the shooting of the Seine. It may be admissible here, to observe, that the press affords large quantities of very rough cyder, and extremely unpalatable, but which, nevertheless, is the common beverage among the farmers and their labourers, in the same manner as the small beer in the metropolis.

Drying the Seine.

And now the seine's still haul'd thro' liquid fields,
When seas autumnal summer's store still yields ;
For fishermen thus piling up the hoard,
Destin'd to clothe with food the wint'ry board ;
And though fell venom hath less room to sport,
In lowly hamlet than the splendid court,
Black rancour sometimes will gangrene the breast,
And by its influence rob the mind of rest.
Spread o'er the beach, and canopi'd by sky,
Nightly the dripping seine is left to dry *,

* The seine being of great extent, and by far too large to admit of being taken in, is always left upon the beach to dry, when instances, though rarely, have notwithstanding occurred, that private spite has instigated one neighbour to cut and destroy the net of the other, who—

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.

Sickens with envy at another's good.

This base action is of very serious consequence to the injured, as it not only prevents him from shooting the seine

Cutting the Seine.

When, though but seldom, it has still been known,
Dark rankling hatred, having love o'erthrown,
In gloom obscur'd, some soul by fiends beset,
Hath stol'n with knife, and cut his neighbour's net ;
In vain next morn is tender'd a reward,
None know the villain, though, with one accord,
The act nefarious is at once condemn'd,
And the insidious wretch by all condemn'd.
Nor should be left untold the just disdain
Of Ned, employ'd to mend the owner's seine,
Whose swelling bosom with no rancour fraught,
Demands how man can nurture such a thought ;
Who boasts a spirit with its God allied,
A soul created to be deified *.

during the time it takes in repairing the damage, but is also a great detriment to the net itself.

* The following beautiful couplet so strikingly exemplifies my idea, that I cannot refrain from its insertion :—

Catching the Pilchard.

But soft, from acts like these my sick'ning muse
With blushes turns—still anxious to infuse
The theme of honest labour, which imparts
Pure honour's stainless badge to lowly hearts.

In myriads now are caught, of heav'nly blue,
The boney pilchard *, rob'd in silver too,

*Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput? pecudum si more pererrant.*

CLAUD.

What profits us, that we from heav'n derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way.

* The pilchard, though smaller, bears a strong resemblance to the herring, and is, by persons fond of the latter fish, very much esteemed; though, if possible, more boney. The pilchard is salted in large quantities, and sent to London in casks; where, in that state, it eats very much like the anchovy. These fish are caught in immense quantities during the season, and are sold at one shilling, and one and sixpence the hundred.

The Porpoise described.

One haul producing oft upon the shore,
Full sixteen thousand fish, and sometimes more,
For frying fam'd, while some in pickle stow'd,
Preserve till winter, in their hoop'd abode.

Now oft, prognostic of approaching gales,
The dark and flound'ring porpoise * inland sails,
O'er ocean's breakers rears its curvy back,
Studding the green and white with nobs of black;
In net this fish unsightly oft is found,
With snout of hog, and swell'd up carcase round,
And lengthen'd tail, of dusky greyish hue,
Form'd like an anchor to the transient view.
And though this fish no store of wealth brings in,
For use the fisherman preserves its skin,

* This very ugly creature generally approaches the land previous to an high gale of wind coming on, and is sometimes hauled in with the seine, though not frequently. The fisherman will often skin the porpoise, which he causes to be tanned, and then converts the same into shoe leather.

Ned constructs a Vessel.

Leaving the carcase to the ebbing wave,
Which forthwith wafts it to a wat'ry grave :
The length'ning nights yield Ned a fresh employ,
To form a ship, now works the fisher-boy ;
The hull first carves, from oaken block so stout,
Then scoops with care the rough-hewn model out ;
With caution labours, and oft whets the steel,
The bows to form, and sharp projecting keel ;
Next he essays the sounding deck to frame,
And from soft deal with ease effects the same ;
The red-hot pin thro' each side nine times runs,
His grand attempt, a sloop of eighteen guns.
Through deck and bottom then the holes he drills,
Which next he with the main and foremast fills ;
Constructs the rigging, ladders, blocks, and sails,
Pliant to meet, or full, or reef'd the gales ;
The bottom pitches, and with paint supplied,
With varied gaudy stripes adorns each side ;

Ned buys a Donkey.

To keel the steadying lead affixes straight,
That more majestic it may sail with weight.
In limpid flood his work he sets afloat,
To try the equipoize of his new boat ;
With pleasure views it plough the chrystal stream,
And safely dance in flood reflected beam,
The work of pastime, profit soon supplies,
His sloop he ventures, and it proves a prize.
To sons of opulence the toy is shown,
Each youth desires the plaything for his own,
Which purchas'd, yields to Ned's enraptur'd sight,
Two weighty golden guineas, shining bright,
Which, with a pound in store, he puts to trade,
And buys a long-ear'd donkey*, well array'd

* People who reside in market-towns in the west of England, keep horses and donkeys for the conveyance of their fish, where a good ass may be bought for two guineas and a half, or three pounds; the usage to which these wretched creatures

Ned's diversity of Trades.

With saddle, bridle, and good panniers twain,
Prepar'd the funny burthen to sustain.
With small beginnings Ned repairs around,
Though small his profits, yet his store is found
Encreasing daily ; for where he attends,
On all sides he procures himself new friends.
One to his charge a letter will entrust,
Whose safe deliv'ry proves the stripling just.
A parcel for another is convey'd,
When equal caution is by him display'd :
From valet of some 'squire, for all his care,
Ned gets a coat, but little worse for wear.
From cook the refuse of the pantry earns,
In short, has presents from them all in turns ;

are too often subjected, must have been apparent to any individual traversing the streets of London. I have, however, breathed forth my commiseration in a few subsequent lines, which spring from sentiments of real pity for the wretched race. Would every donkey had such a master as my Ned!

Ned's Care of his Beast,

For there's no soul that knows him, young or old,
But to his care would yield up untold gold.
Yet of his chief support this forms no share,
In vending fish consists his ruling care ;
Since thence a certain profit he obtains,
The winter's comforts from autumnal gains.
Nor must the muse now let unheeded pass,
Our stripling's conduct to his patient ass :
For Ned's not gifted with an heart of steel,
But knows full well the beast like him can feel ;
And with such marks of care the ass doth tend,
As speaks it not a donkey, but a friend *.

* However hackneyed the story may be, it comes so *a propos* to my purpose, that I cannot refrain from giving it, and I really hope the name of Sterne, and the recollection of La Fleur's dead ass, will plead in excuse for me.

“ He said that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, (meaning his dead ass,) who had been the patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.”

And feeling for the poor Ass.

No cruel stripes e'er wail the creature's skin,
For he well knows that gentleness will win ;
So rather pats, than urges on by blows,
And thus from kindness all its labour flows.

" Every body, who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—the mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass but the loss of him—the ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days ; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met."

" Thou hast one comfort, friend," said I, " at least in the loss of thy poor beast ; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him."—" Alas !" said the mourner, " I thought so when he was alive—but now, that he is dead, I think otherwise—I fear the weight of myself, and of my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and, I fear, I have them to answer for."—" Shame on the world !" said I to myself, " did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass—'twould be something."

Apostrophe on the Ass's pains.

Ah ! wretched lank-ear'd race, how oft have I
Tow'rd thee been witness of man's cruelty,
How oft beheld thy gall'd and laden back,
Bend 'neath the burthen of the o'ercharg'd pack,
While adding to the load—upon thy rump
Thy lord hath ridden, who, with ceaseless thump,
In cruelty each godlike sense forgot,
Hath urg'd thee, sinking, to encrease thy trot ;
And, deaf to all thy groans, with oaths been led
To strike with vehemence o'er eyes and head ;
And when at length, upon the flinty road,
Extended lay thy carcase and thy load,
How have I seen the brutal wretch, with stick,
Hail blow on blow ; while oft a vicious kick
Hath been appli'd to thy most feeling part,
And with the thorn of anguish pierc'd thine heart.
Then, with clos'd eyes, I've seen thy swelling breast
Moan forth in suff'ring for the day of rest,

Pressing the Smugglers.

When freed from labour, and return'd to earth,
Nature should nurse thee, who first gave thee birth,
In peace oblivious all thy pangs ensteep,
And lull thee in the arms of lasting sleep.

Libra at length the season ushers in,
When hardy smugglers all their toils begin,
In open seine-boat dare the ocean's wiles,
And steer at once towards those well known isles,
Jersey and Guernsey, whence the crews export
Gin, rum, and brandy, with the *vin de port*.
But oft, in war time, there they feel distress,
A sloop is station'd for an hot impress ;
Sweeps off the little crews, and wafts them far,
On board some king's ship destin'd for the war.
In vain expectancy their kindred wait,
Months oft elapse ; no tidings of their fate

Fate of the Smuggler.

Arrive to comfort the deploring wife,
Whose husband's toils procur'd the means of life ;
Till those escap'd from bullets of the foe,
With peace return to tell the tale of woe :
How Jack by chain-shot fell—or, with a ball,
Dick on the main-deck got a deadly fall ;
How Sam, by splinters shiver'd, met his death,
Bless'd children, wife, and friends, with ebbing breath.
Such are the simple stories, which explain
Sad truths, inflicting on their kindred pain ;
And such too often proves the fate of those,
Who in the smuggling trade their lives expose.
Yet, for the present let my muse be mute,
Far better will the theme with winter suit,
When, in its fullest extent, I'll rehearse
Its various chances, breath'd in simple verse ;
With truth its profits and its perils show,
The first with pleasure fraught—the last with woe.



E. Bud del

M. Kenzie sc

*How Jack by chain-shot fell or with a ball,
 Sick on the main-deck got a deadly fall.*

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MORIDUNUM Aug 20 1723



Arrival of the Culm Brig.

Tow'rd land now oft October's chilly gales
Full wide expands the culm * brig's dusky sails,
When boats incessant rowing from the shore,
Bear from the vessels hold the ebon store.
Then up the hilly shingle horses toil,
To drag the carts, high pil'd with sooty spoil;
With sinews quite distended, reeking climb,
And bear to yards, what's brought for burning lime.

At winter's near approach, the finny stores
Visit more sparingly the western shores,

* The culm is a very inferior species of coal, used only for the purposes of burning lime and bricks; vast quantities of this slate-like commodity, for such it may be termed, are transported to the western shores from Sunderland. Nor can I omit to state, that the coal-merchants of these parts have recourse to the culm, which they do not scruple to mingle with their commodity, to the no small discomfiture of the consumer.

Picking Samphire.

The seine's but seldom cast, and then the spoil,
Full oft, does not repay the owner's toil.
'Tis now, with courage near to madness 'ray'd,
Ned views the samphire picking—" *dreadful trade* *!"
Shudders, as from the frowning craggy height,
He marks th' advent'rer pendant, risk his weight,
By rope made fast, and round his middle slung,
From dreadful eminence the gath'rer's hung,
Whose eyes above etherial regions greet,
Three hundred yards of vacuum 'neath his feet ;
Yawning grim death should evil fate betide,
And hurl the picker thro' the expanse wide ;
In vain each feather'd tribe, with downy crest,
Hath deep in aperture secur'd its nest ;

* Our divine Bard of Avon, by his expressive lines in *King Lear*, has given us a sufficient proof of the sensations to which he was subjected, on witnessing this mad employment.

Subject continued.

In vain, relying on its pow'rs of flight,
Hath built a dwelling far from human sight;
Presumptuous man, still eager to explore
New scenes of wonder, quits the firm set shore,
Each tenant of the rocky region scares,
While for a weed futurity he dares:
For trifling stipend ventures life and hope,
His sole reliance on a simple rope;
Which worn by friction 'gainst some sharp edg'd
steep,
Might headlong hurl him thro' the airy deep*,

* A few years back these hardy adventurers used to depend on a single rope, till a dreadful accident occurred, originating in the friction of the cord against a rock, by which one unfortunate gatherer was precipitated from a dreadful height, and literally smashed to atoms; since which they have two cords, for greater security. I was myself present, about ten minutes subsequent to the fall of a horse from a cliff of very inconsider-

A Comparison.

Smash all consistency, and piece-meal strew
His fragile frame, dread spectacle to view.
How strange that some will sole reliance place,
On that which seals another's foul disgrace ;
Since by a cord each culprit meets his end,
Which proves the samphire-picker's only friend,
Gives him new life who freely ventur'd death,
And stops his course who only covets breath.

able altitude, on the verge of which the unfortunate creature had been grazing, previous to the accident. To explain the appearance of the carcase would be too horrible ; it was, however, a sufficient indication of the sight a human being must have exhibited, when dashed from five times the same altitude ; nor can I refrain from shuddering at the recollection of my own danger, for, as I must have passed over the very spot where the horse lay, a few minutes previous would have placed me in a situation to receive its whole burthen, which must have reduced me at once to a jellied and incongruous mass.

Aurora Borealis described.

Tow'rd night, returning from such sights as these,
While pensive gazing on the dark'ning seas,
Ned views a bright effulgence light the skies,
Aurora borealis meets his eyes ;
The shooting light thro' heav'n's high concave
spread,
From paly hue assumes the dye of red,
Grows darker as it wantons o'er the flood,
And ends in colour of transparent blood.
With mingled sentiment the scene he views,
Delight and awe by turns their pow'rs infuse ;
Pleas'd, he beholds what's novel to his eye,
Thinks fearfully on him who rules the sky ;
And with such sentiments his soul oppress'd,
Hies home, and with his parent's presence bless'd ;
Stretch'd on the rug, corporeal labours cease,
And should he dream, his visions are of peace.

Playing of the Salmon.

The fisherman in *Libra* still will stay,
To watch for hours the full-grown salmon play*;
Throws out the seine, and, with an anxious wish,
Strives to ensure a plenteous haul of fish.
Ned, always steady, to his post proves true,
Receives his share, and buys a portion too :
Then on his donkey bears the glitt'ring stock,
In portions sells it, parted on the block ;
With profit satisfied, to toil returns,
And spends with credit what his labour earns.

Now *Scorpio* in his turn holds scepter'd sway,
And shrouds with hazy mists the dawn of day,

* It is really beautiful to see these animals spring up from the surface of the sea, glittering in the rays of the sun like animated streaks of fire.

An English Fleet.

From shore the tenants of the deep affrights,
Ushers in changeful days and murky nights.
Now muggy heat, now frost, now rain will fly,
Damp, cold, and wet, the constitution try.
And sometimes, as at cottage door Ned stays,
To watch the setting of Sol's parting rays,
Far in th' horizon, flush'd with Tyrian glow,
Sails round a point, majestically slow ;
With canvass crowded ; leading on the train,
An English war-ship, lord of ocean's plain.
Now onward moves a second—then ensue
Two more, which near abreast break on the view :
Augmenting still, the fisher-boy counts nine,
Unconquer'd king's ships of the British line.
In slow succession, then in turns appear,
Eleven oak-built turrets in their rear,
Of Albion's bulwarks thus sail on a score,
To fence from enemies our sea-girt shore.

Naval Heroes : Howe, Vincent,

Another to another still succeeds,
Each chronicled alike for thund'ring deeds,
Till in the offing of the buoyant green,
Proud rocking, six and thirty sail are seen ;
The grandest, noblest, object that can greet
A Briton's sight—a conqu'ring British fleet :
First prais'd be th' illustrious arms of old,
Which prov'd that England's sea-born race was bold,
Who flourish'd in the days of glorious Bess,
And struck at once to conquer and to bless.
Still after ages, striving to outshine,
In turns the verdant coronet entwine,
Heroes on heroes rose, and glorious now,
To living Britons, sounds the name of Howe,
Who swept the fleets of Gallia from the sea,
And, with her children's blood, wrote victory.
Nor less to Spain does Vincent's name strike dread,
Who, with an equal thirst' of glory led,

Duncan, and Nelson.

In harsh ton'd thunder, and in circling fire,
Curb'd those who dar'd to Albion's wreath aspire ;
Hail, vet'ran Duncan, Britain owes thee much,
For 'twas thine iron arm disgrac'd the Dutch ;
Drove them indignant from the briny deep,
And aw'd by conquest all their pow'r to sleep.
Last, like a blazing firebrand, Nelson rose,
Who, living, prov'd a comet to our foes ;
Who never aim'd the blow, or struck in vain,
By turns subduing France and haughty Spain ;
Alike Britannia's safe-guard, and her pride,
By vict'ry nurs'd, and who in conquest died ;
Hero, farewell, the muse thy feats reveres,
Droops o'er thine urn, bedew'd with Briton's tears,
In melancholy rapture still is led
To contemplate thy glories with the dead ;
And on the page of everlasting fame,
Perpetuate thy valour, deeds, and name.

Heroic Spirit of the Fisher-Boy.

Such was the envied prospect of our Ned,
Whose glowing soul, by warmest fancy fed,
Would prompt him to adore his native earth,
And own, with honest pride, his British birth.
Indignant, oft he contemplates the blow,
Aim'd by a vengeful and invading foe:
Prays for the time, when met just half-seas o'er,
Our tars shall ring their knell with cannon's roar,
Hurl them disdainful from Britannia's sight,
And drown presumption in the floods of night.

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Winter described.—Barking the Seine.—Smugglers' Fears on beholding a Brig of War.—The Smugglers' Toast.—Trolling at Sea.—Produce of the Troll Net.—Loss of the Halse well.—Smugglers set Sail for the Isles.—Pursued by the Alarm Brig.—Sinking Keggs.—Arrive near the Shore.—The Signal and Watch Word.—Reefing the Keggs for sinking.—Creepers described.—Ned on the Watch.—His Emotions.—Tempest encreases.—Wreck of the Boat.—Ned's Beacon for the Sufferers.—His Hardihood.—The Line thrown out.—Smugglers saved.—The drowned Seaman.—The Fisher-Boy at the Funeral.—His Conduct through Life, and Expectation after Death.

WINTER.

BLOW, Boreas, blow, thy chilly pow'rs entail
On earth, now sterile, rain, frost, snow, and hail,
O'er ocean's expanse mists unceasing fleet,
And drench the shore with cold and mizzly sleet ;
Or, if a transitory warmth bears sway,
Dark o'ercharg'd clouds soon scarf Sol's sickly ray ;
In sweeping floods the drenching torrents pour,
With swamps inundating the cheerless shore ;
Now nightly keener blows the cutting breeze,
And of its latest clothing robs the trees,
Powers the soil, and makes it to the view
Brilliant appear, in robe of Parian hue :
While stars still brighter seem to lace the dome,
And glitter diamonds thro' the ebon gloom ;

Barking the Seine.

And when less nipping blows the frosty wind,
In sombre girdle is the earth confin'd,
Which loosen'd, sends the frozen drops below,
In feather'd whiteness of the flaky snow.
Thus *Sagittarius* brings in frost and wet,
With him no longer boasts the beach its net;
The haul of fishermen is seen no more,
Each twiny toil now farther borne in-shore,
For barking's * carried, and in tan-pit's laid,
To strengthen seine 'gainst spring time's fishing trade,
For smuggling, larger boats o'er ocean rock,
To stem of winds and waves the wint'ry shock;
Impell'd by northern blasts, that whistle loud,
Brave surges mounting to the pendant cloud,

* Upon the seine being taken from the beach for winter, it is conveyed to tan pits, there to be what the fishermen call *barked*; which operation strengthens the net for the approaching spring, &c.—The owner, for *barking* his net, has to pay six, and sometimes seven pounds.

Fears of the Smugglers.

And long enur'd, the smugglers * never dread,
 But with expansive sails to Boreas spread ;
 Meet ev'ry veering of the angry gales,
 All canvass press'd—fore, main, and mizen sails.
 And as on shore, with spy-glass doth await,
 Some watchful partner in th' expected freight,
 Far in the offing he with fear espies,
 The hated brig, far hov'ring for a prize
 While lynx-ey'd officers of custom's watch,
 The cargoes of the smuggling boats to catch ;
 Or, station'd on the impress † service, he
 Oft views the sloop to nab good tars for sea.

* Of these fellows it may be said :—

——— Animæque capaces
 Mortis ———

LUCAN.

Souls, undismay'd by death.

† In this part I cannot omit the making a comment upon Press-gangs, which are such a flagrant innovation on the liberties of the subject, as the desperadoes on this employ have not even his Majesty's warrants for the execution of their of-

WINTER.

The Smuggler's Toast.

'Tis then he hopes his smuggling friends may land,
And waits till midnight on the shingly strand ;
Hails with delight the hour that greets his view
With vessel, messmates, and rich freightage too ;
Laughs o'er the grog as he explains the fear,
Experienc'd when he saw each vessel near ;
Whilst in return his partners, as they booze,
Recount each hazard of the little cruize ;
With brimful can, and sly facetious wink,
They give the toast—" Success to smuggling drink."
And as their consciences feel no alarm,
They swear they've done the revenue no harm ;
Booze till quite groggy grown, they nodding stand,
And shake each other warmly by the hand ;

fice. The commanding officers of the corps of Sea Fencibles, stationed on different parts of the coast, must, however, be quite exempted from any blame on this head, as they are only called upon to do duty one day in every month ; while they protect the coast, by making themselves able and stout in living on the fat of the land, which they are empowered to do from the ample salaries they receive from government.

The Seaman's Hour of Rest.

Then reeling, to their sev'ral cots repair,
And in the arms of rest drown joy and care :
For, wrapt at once in sound unvarying sleep,
Forgot are all the perils of the deep ;
Pain, pleasure, profit, e'en respiring breath,
By Somnus overcome in living death.
Yet, hold, for here my muse should not forget,
To paint the throwing of the trolling * net ;
Which, far at sea, on sandy bottom cast,
Is never by unfriendly rock held fast.
There Ned, unmindful of the ruffled sea,
Toils as industrious as the honey'd bee ;

* The Trolling Net is by no means so large as the Seine, being affixed to what is called the troll-bar ; this is a long piece of wood, each end of which is rivetted into a broad thick piece of solid metal, called the troll-irons, the weight of which sinks the net to the bottom ; where, after remaining some time, the toil is closed by means of ropes communicating from the troll-net to the troll-boat, when it is hauled up, and the produce taken out.

Hake and Conger Eel described.

With smiles obeys the troll-boat owner's will,
And strives to emulate more practis'd skill.
'Tis now the very produce, most despis'd
In Spring and Summer—is in Winter priz'd—
With pleasure now the fisher-boy will take,
His quantum of the ugly dark hued hake *;
Nor less delight his anxious bosom feels,
To view the lead-complexion'd conger eels †,

* These fish constitute the major part of the winter's produce, though the fishermen are sometimes fortunate enough to procure soals, turbot, flat fish, &c. &c. in the trolling-nets.

† The Conger Eel is, upon the western coast, the most disgusting marine production that can meet the eye. The largest are nearly two yards in length, and proportionate in thickness; which the poor people are obliged to eat, for want of other victuals, and whom I have frequently heard say, 'that in taste they conceive it resembles the flesh of a dead man, as they affirm that it mostly lives upon such garbage. This is, however, given as a vulgar adage, for the truth of which I do not avouch. It has likewise been stated, that soup made from this eel is very

The Troller's Profit.

In span so bulky, in dimension long,
To touch quite slimy, and in motion strong.
These mostly constitute the troller's gain,
Who bless'd with them, ne'er thinks he toils in vain;
Willing endures winds, wet, frost, hail, and snow,
With all the perils of the depths below.

Now to resume the theme I left so late,
Must prove my care—to paint the smuggler's fate,
My simple reed I tune—which bold employ
Ends all the labours of my fisher-boy.

nutritive, and delicious to the palate; for my own part, I never could reconcile myself to essay such a culinary preparation*.

A conger eel was taken in the Wash at Yarmouth, by a fisherman, which measured six feet in length, and twenty-two inches in girth, and weighed three stone seven pounds. The eel, on finding no way for escape, rose erect, and actually knocked the fisherman down, before he could secure it.

* Since the above note was penned, the author can positively identify the carnivorous propensity of this fish, having been present on the opening of a very large conger eel, for the purpose of cleaning it, when there was found in the stomach the entire thumb of a man's hand.

The Smuggler's hardihood.

Nor thou, drear *Capricorn*, in dread array,
Canst turn the smuggler from his toils away ;
Nor can *Aquarius*, with his gloom o'erspread,
Infuse in fishermen the taint of dread ;
From whom the tempests rage no fears can draw,
Who press-gangs spurn, and officers of law,
Risk life and wealth, a profit to ensure,
Which yields in age a competence secure.
Hail, then, ye harbingers of tempests dire,
And let your influence now my lays inspire ;
Though last in song, Oh ! lend my fancy wing,
The horrors of your gloomy realms to sing ;
When, air, fire, water, ceaseless conflicts raise,
And elemental chaos frights the gaze ;
When all in battled fury onward roll,
And shake the firm set earth from pole to pole ;
Showing to mortal eyes fate's darkest womb,
And faintly picturing the day of doom.

Loss of the Halsewell.

Such scenes to draw, must now employ my lays,
Truth let me speak, although I cannot praise ;
For wint'ry storms no other charms can bring,
Than as rough heralds of th' approaching spring.

'Twas to such bleak and inauspicious gales,
The Halsewell erst unfurl'd her ample sails,
When darkness shaded o'er the wave profound,
And echo'd loud discordant thunders round,
When winds and surges, each in fell array,
Alternate battled for tempestuous sway ;
Then furious dash'd on Portland's craggy steep,
The sport of Boreas, and the rocking deep ;
Successive blows the vessel's sides attack'd,
She yaw'd, while parting ev'ry timber, crack'd,
Gave to the elemental conflict fierce,
Her seamen, and commander, hapless Pierce ;

Smugglers set sail.

Around whose form, in agony then clung,
The fair, whose fate his manly bosom wrung ;
Till, with convulsive shock, they met one doom,
In floods : their grave, their epitaph, and tomb.

Here cease the sad recital—for my verse
Returns, the smuggling business to rehearse ;
From truth's pure page the muse each feat shall quote,
And ev'ry act with nice precision note.
First mann'd with spreading * sails the boat now view,
From western beach its buoyant track pursue ;

* It is scarcely credible, to those who have not been eye-witnesses of the fact, to observe the quantity of canvas these smuggling-boats will carry, even in the most boisterous weather. I have myself seen a common seine-boat, in a tremendous gale, hoist from 130 to 140 square yards of canvas, constituting the main and mizen sails.

Taking in the Cargo.

Behold it as the shades of night draw near,
A fading speck upon the sight appear ;
Though boist'rous still—the gale propitious blows—
And urges on the bark with darting throes ;
In safety wafts it to the isle amain,
Whose traffic constitutes the smuggler's gain.
The boat there anchor'd lays, till safe stow'd in,
They view the kegs of brandy, rum, and gin ;
Or, sometimes station'd by the veering wind,
For days they wait, till Boreas prove more kind ;
Then once more steer towards their native shore,
To earn the profits of their mad'ning store ;
Since spirits prove too oft the mental bane
For Reason, planting frenzy in the brain.

Now mark, with wind quite fair the sails they set,
With spray from shingle-broken surges wet ;

Appearance of the Alarm Brig.

Far from the isle ere long the main they plough,
And dip in foam the sharp and convex bow ;
When, ah ! what dread their fondest hopes disarm,
To view their foe, the well known brig—*Alarm* *.
In vain she makes the signal † to heave to ;
They press all sail—the enemies pursue—

* A king's ship, of that name, is sometimes stationed on the western coast, to the no small annoyance of the smugglers of those parts.

† A ludicrous circumstance was told me by the commander of a brig, who having made the signal to a smuggler's cutter to heave to, one of the fellows put off the boat immediately, and coming on board the king's ship, told a most piteous tale of the distress he and his crew had endured, which was so well feigned, that the captain of the brig not only dismissed the smuggler without inspecting the vessel, but gave him some provisions, and a bottle of brandy, fully satisfied that the tale was correct. However, no sooner was the fellow safe on board the cutter, than getting to windward of the brig, and pressing all canvas, he held up a large keg to the view of the

Smugglers pursued.

This for the flight prepares, and that for chace ;
Each ploughs with eagerness the greeny space.
The one its freight from seizure to secure,
T' other th' illegal cargo to ensure.
And now upon the bark the war-brig gains,
Spite of the smuggler's pray'rs, and ceaseless pains ;
Fruitless th' attempt, though canvas still they press,
Th' approaching vessel heightens their distress ;
Till desp'rate grown, with bitter oaths they swear,
The chacers never shall their cargo share ;
For, rather than with spirits wash their junk,
They'll heave it o'er, to make old Davy drunk.
No sooner said, than each enacts his part,
In passion drowns the achings of the heart ;

king's ship's people, after which, turning up his *seat of honour*, he gave it a hearty smack, in token of derision, and made clear off, though every effort was put into effect by the brig in order to outsail and take the smuggler.

 Preparing the Signals.

Plunges each flaggon 'midst old ocean's flow,
 Which sunk, is lost in briny realms below.
 At other times behold the smuggler's fleet
 Outsail the brig, and thus the foe defeat ;
 Then gaining on the shore, by friends espy'd,
 Who in the distance long the bark descry'd ;
 They with the rockets * made, in case of need,
 Ascend the rugged steep with trembling speed ;
 Whilst as the bark still makes towards the land,
 'Gainst weather harden'd †, Ned oft takes his stand ;

* This is a signal to the approaching smuggling boats ; should any officers be upon the watch, a rocket is immediately let off from the summit of the cliff, or a fire made of furze, when the crew prepare to splice the ropes which hold the kegs, in order to sink them at sea. These fires are equally held out as tokens that the boat may come on shore, according to the agreement made previous to the sailing of the smuggling bark.

† Of these children of the ocean, it may truly be said :—

———— Natos ad flumina primum
 Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus & nudis.

VIRGIL.

Letting off the Rocket.

With folded arms by night, looks sharp about,
His cry should danger threaten—"Ho—look out *."
No sooner heard the sound : in fiery flight
The rocket blazes, 'midst the realms of night ;
Sure beacon for the crew, who long expert,
Thence learn some officer's on the alert ;
Who, did they land the store, would seize the prize,
Condemn'd as forfeit to the strict excise :
From hungry officers, in wat'ry grave
The reef † of kegs they then prepare to save ;

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood ;
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.

DRYDEN.

* The watch-word given to those who await with the rocket, by their friends who are stationed on various parts of the beach, when they observe the approach of an officer of excise.

† A reef of kegs is, when they are spliced with ropes one to another, forming a kind of chain of flaggons. It is necessary

Sinking a Reef of Kegs.

Each flaggon to its fellow's soon made fast,
Thus lash'd, with dawn's returning, to be cast
Amidst the deep; while, for a mark in store,
They note some objects * on the distant shore;
And thus commit their treasure to the main,
Until with creepers † they return again;
Which hook the cordage of each reef when thrown,
And haul'd up, give the smuggler back his own.
But should the angry surges, clad with white,
Buffet the little crew, their cots in sight,

to remark, that these kegs contain from two to six gallons of spirits.

* It is remarkable with what precision they mark, when at main sea, the spot where they so deposit their freight, and whither, after the lapse of some days, they return, guided only by the remembrance of particular objects on the shore, which serve invariably as guides for the smugglers to regain their kegs.

† The Creeper is a long piece of iron, with four sharp hooks at the end, similar to the fluke of an anchor, only much shorter.

The Fisher-Boy's Sympathy.

The fisher-boy still anxious views the deep,
Unmindful of fatigue and want of sleep ;
For though his watchful task is quite fulfill'd,
His honest breast, by nobler duties thrill'd,
No longer feeling for the smuggler's pelf,
He trembles only for the man himself ;
Who, with his friends, by yawning dangers prest,
Ne'er hopes again to be with comforts bless'd ;
But, as the distant hamlet meets his eye,
He silent speaks his anguish with a sigh ;
Labours each dreadful peril to subdue,
That rises in succession to his view ;
Till horror struck, the fears of death find scope,
And end at once the last faint ray of hope.
Now, clad in murky gloom, morn breaks apace,
When Ned more plainly views old ocean's face,
By winds distorted into mountains high,
A wat'ry Erebus, oppos'd to sky.

Smuggler's impending Danger.

Loose play his dank locks in the nipping gale,
Drifting cold sleet commingled with sharp hail ;
His jacket, chequer'd shirt, and trowsers blue,
Expos'd thro' night's fell storms, are soak'd quite thro' ;
Yet he, with folded arms and thought oppress'd,
Hugs the drench'd vestments closer to his breast,
While from his eager eyes, o'er billows cast,
Trickle the chrystal gems of pity fast.
Meantime, expectant on the shingle wait,
The hamlet's sons, to watch each messmate's fate ;
Silent they stand, dejection clouds each brow,
While from their bosoms steal the mental vow.
Yet pray'rs are futile, for 'tis heav'n's decree,
The tempest's rage shall still deform the sea.
Exhausted now, each smuggler quits his oar,
And strives against impending fate no more ;
With ghastly terror pictur'd in his eyes,
Looks upwards, and on God alone relies ;

Wreck of the Smuggling Boat.

By furious billows dash'd, the boat makes way,
Gains the fell rocks, immers'd in clouds of spray ;
By surges toss'd, the breakers now assail *
Its oaken flanks, and loosen ev'ry nail ;
Till with one crash the fabric piece-meal flies,
A scatter'd wreck before our sea-boy's eyes.
Ned o'er the shingle darts on wings of speed,
To lend assistance in this pressing need ;
While in his rear, with tackle seamen haste,
To snatch their comrades from the wat'ry waste.

—— * Ingeminant austri, & densissimus imber :
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt.

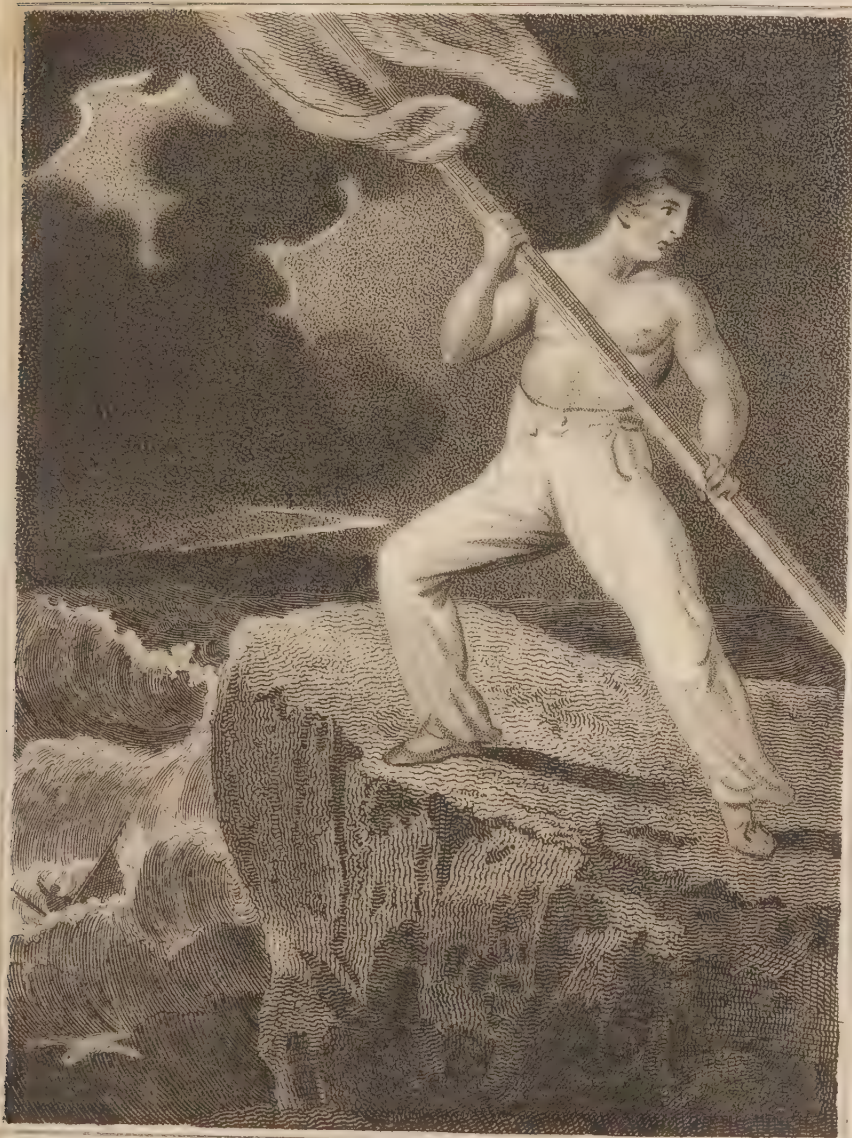
VIRGIL.

The winds redouble, and the rains augment :
The waves in heaps are dash'd against the shore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.

DRYDEN.

The Fisher-Boy's Beacon.

Now climbs our fisher-lad the rocky steep,
And gains its height to view with dread the deep ;
Where planks, with sails, and shatter'd cordage float,
Dismantled remnants of the smuggler's boat.
Now strive the bark-wreck'd fishermen to save
Their threaten'd lives, from ocean's liquid grave ;
With eagerness extend each pliant limb,
And combat death as they expertly swim.
Ned, from the rocky summit marks their toil,
'Tis now they ride o'er floods, and now recoil ;
With beck'ning hand, and voice then sounding loud,
He onward hails the fast approaching crowd ;
Points out the spot, where battling with the main,
Their brethren strive to make the land again ;
An uprais'd oar Ned seizes next expert,
Then doffs his jacket, and his checquer'd shirt,
Splices the same incontinent thereto,
A floating signal to the struggling crew.



E. Boud del.

M. Kenzie sc.

(In uprais'd oar, Ned seizes next expert,
Then doffs his jacket, and his chequer'd shirt.

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Preservation of the Smugglers.

In vain, the winds and wet his body beat *,
He feels no numbness, arm'd with inward heat ;
That god-like emanation—genial glow—
With mercy fraught to feel for other's woe.
Each fainting mariner, with dim fix'd eyes,
The signal from amidst the surge descries ;
Flush'd with new hopes, his strokes redoubles straight,
Determin'd dearly to dispute his fate.
The friendly cord, with floating corks supplied,
Buoyant o'er billows gracefully doth ride ;
While those still hold the rope, who line the strand,
To haul some grappling seamen to the land.

* Well might our fisher-boy exclaim :—

————— Mea
Virtute, me involvo. ———

HORACE.

Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

DRYDEN.

A Dead Body thrown on Shore.

And now the fisher-boy beholds one soul
 In safety clinging to the swimming goal ;
 A second follows, when, with eager call,
 He sounds the welcome words—" They're to; haul,
 haul * !"

Six thus preserv'd, half dead, are brought on shore,
 But, ah ! sad fate, there still remains one more,
 Who, with the ninth day's turn of tranquil tide,
 Floats lifeless on the liquid expanse wide ;
 Stiff, sodden, swell'd, and horrible to view,
 His face devour'd—his corse of ashy hue † :

* Mens agitat molem.

VIRGIL.

A mind informs the mass.

† A very melancholy and tragical instance of undaunted perseverance, in the trade of smuggling, occurred upon the western shore, of which I was an eye-witness.

Most of the villages on this coast carry on an extensive smuggling trade, as the contiguity of the islands of Jersey,

The Fisher-Boy's Pity.

Ned, who each coming day had ne'er forgot
Of this unfortunate, the hapless lot,

Guernsey, and Alderney, hold out a sufficient allurement for these daring adventurers to pursue the forbidden traffic. In these places children are entirely reared up to this business, as fishing produces no emolument in the winter; and should the smuggling trade be more vigorously prohibited, which seems to be the aim of government, thousands of poor families will be deprived of their only means of support; as they can pursue no other employment to earn their bread. Fishermen and smugglers, who are reared from infancy to the business of the deep, have not the most distant conception of tilling land; nor do they possess the least knowledge of any agricultural pursuit. It is their business to fit out good sea boats, from whence the profits that accrue, are, in every respect, inadequate to repay the dangers and toils to which they are constantly subjected.

I saw one of these boats, well-manned with hardy fellows, depart for Alderney; some of the crew being unmarried, while others had large families to support. They merely continued on the island until they had got their cargo on board, when the difficulty was to secure to themselves this their *all*, when they should land; as the excise officers, ever upon the look out, would not only seize the freight for government, but se-

Ned discovers the Dead Body.

While watchful gazing on the wat'ry plains,
Beholds at length his alter'd sad remains,

cure a portion for themselves : a sufficient inducement to give spur to their vigilance. With a most boisterous gale they left the island, and, from eleven A. M. until nine o'clock at night, were trying to make a particular spot, appropriated for the landing of their kegs. Having suffered from the effects of the tempest, for so many hours in succession, darkness almost impenetrable succeeded ; precluding almost the hope of ever again regaining the shore. The spot which they were endeavouring to make, is a reef of rocks, where they usually throw out the grappling iron, when two of them jump overboard, and swim to shore, in order to ascertain whether any officers are upon the watch. This boat, with her crew, buffeted by the most dreadful gale, and immersed in pitchy darkness, made within a small distance of the rocks, when two of the men, who were good swimmers, prepared to jump overboard ; the youngest having plunged in, and finding the horrors he had to encounter, cried out to his companion, who was by far his elder, to desist from following him, as he alone could ascertain the danger to be apprehended from the officers. This entreaty was, however, of no effect, for his comrade plunged into the waves, when, scarcely had a few seconds elapsed, ere he was heard to utter tones of the most piteous distress.

Recovery of the Body.

Spreads the alarm : a boat puts off—when Ned,
One of the crew, assists to haul the dead ;

Those remaining in the boat could yield him no assistance, nor was it in the power of his swimming fellow-mate to preserve his life, as it was with the utmost difficulty that he gained the shore, amidst the dreadful breaking surges, which overwhelmed every other idea in his mind but that of self-preservation. Receiving no signal, and the dangers increasing momentarily, the remainder of the smugglers then in the boat hove her in shore at a venture, where they found the man who had gained the beach nearly deprived of life, from the effects of fatigue ; upon which he was transported home to his wife, who was occupant of an hovel adjoining to that of the unfortunate widow, who, in the loss of her own husband, in company with the surviving sufferer, had to lament the privation of her only source of worldly existence. Early the ensuing morning, the hat of the poor fellow was seen floating, when the wretched widow, who was indefatigable in the search after her deceased husband's corpse, found it on the ninth day, the face being so horribly disfigured, as to present a flat mass of flesh, being any thing but human. The deceased was a man of exemplary character, and toiled unceasingly for the welfare of his family ; and yet, sorry am I to add, that the clergyman of the village, to the disgrace of his calling, literally refused to subscribe to

Ned's Sympathy.

Shudders as o'er the spectacle he sighs,
While gems of chrystal brightness glaze his eyes.

To church next Sabbath-day our Neddy goes,
To share in all the widow's heart-felt woes ;
Close by the mourner pensive takes his place,
No cambric to enshroud his piteous face ;
A woollen cap uprais'd his front conceals,
While purest sympathy his heart reveals.
And as the village pastor reads aloud
The solemn service to the list'ning crowd,

a charity set on foot for the benefit of the widow, unless she would bind herself by a solemn promise never to come upon the parish in case of want ; and in addition to this unfeeling conduct, as the pastor of a flock, called upon to follow the precepts of his divine master, on finding that a liberal subscription was procured for the sufferer, he was so far actuated by worldly motives, as to claim half a guinea for preaching the funeral sermon.

O ! tempora ! O ! mores !

Fisher-Boy's Reflections.

The theme impressive, thrills my little lad,
With feelings awefully sublime and sad.
The rites then ended, slowly are convey'd
The cold remains, in churchyard to be laid ;
Where the sad final words attend the just,
Giving to ashes, ashes—dust to dust.
And now return'd to cot, the fisher-boy
Thinks on the smuggler's dangerous* employ ;
Assail'd by storms, and press-gangs to surprize,
War brigs, and officers of the excise,
Perils, that in succession ceaseless throw,
O'er hopes of profit, all the fears of woe.
Such are the thoughts of Ned, who charm'd my muse,
And simple facts thus taught her to infuse ;
Whose pride is honesty—whose hard-earn'd gains
Are bless'd in soothing a sad parent's pains ;

* Bonum est fugienda aspicere alieno in malo.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

Conclusion.

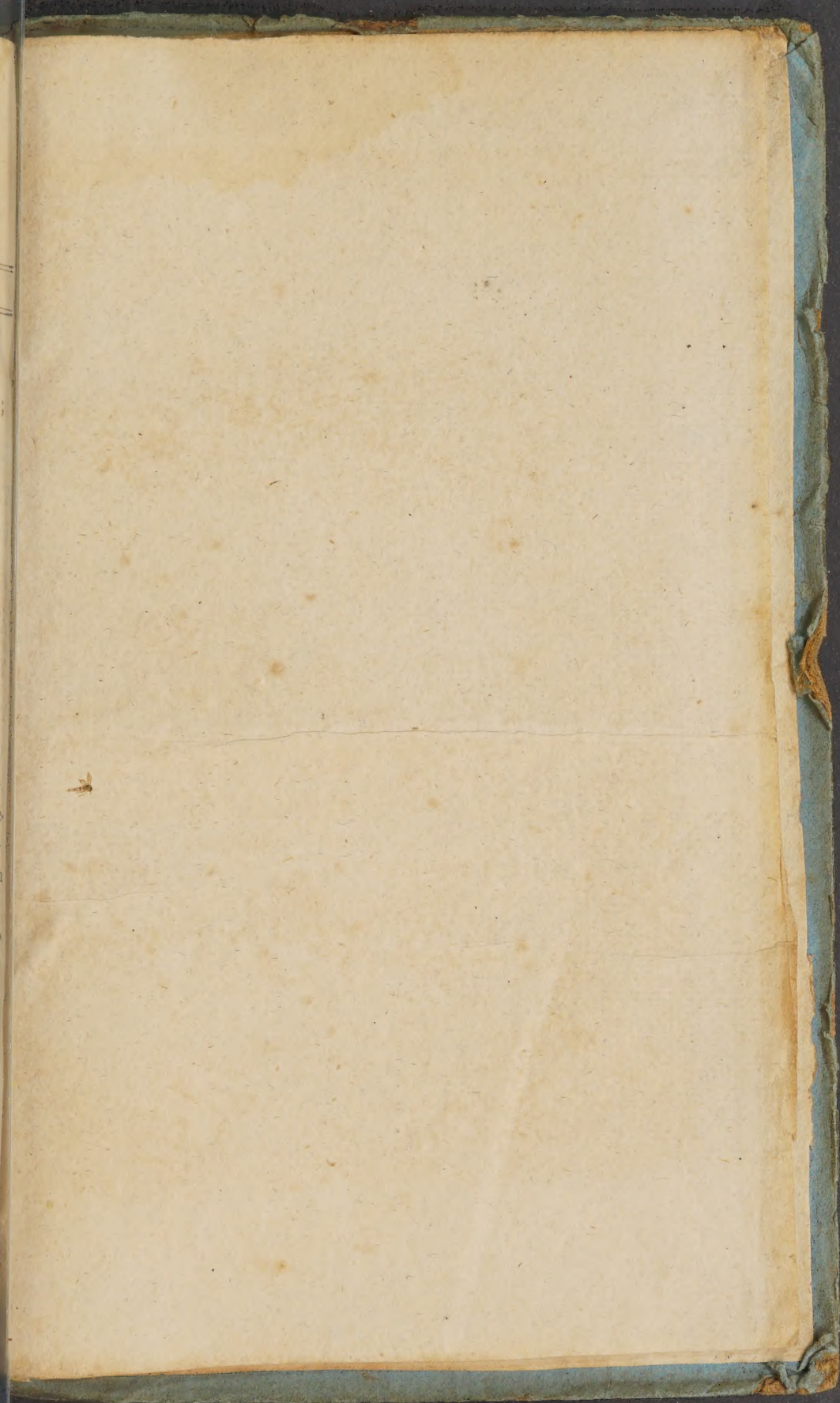
Who lives to learn that life is but a span,
That God requites just deeds 'twixt man and man ;
In which conviction he is doubly bless'd,
His conduct here ensuring future rest :
As friend of all, he harbours no foul hate—
Content—he envies not a monarch's fate*,
And well assur'd a parent claims his love,
He feels a secret impulse from above ;
A ray that animates his earthly clod,
With hopes of everlasting peace with God.

* Nothing can more faithfully delineate the mental independence of Ned in this respect, than the words of Tully :—

Neque ita porro aut adulatus, aut admiratus sum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ pœniteret.

I never flattered or admired another man's fortune, so as to be dissatisfied with my own.

FINIS.



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